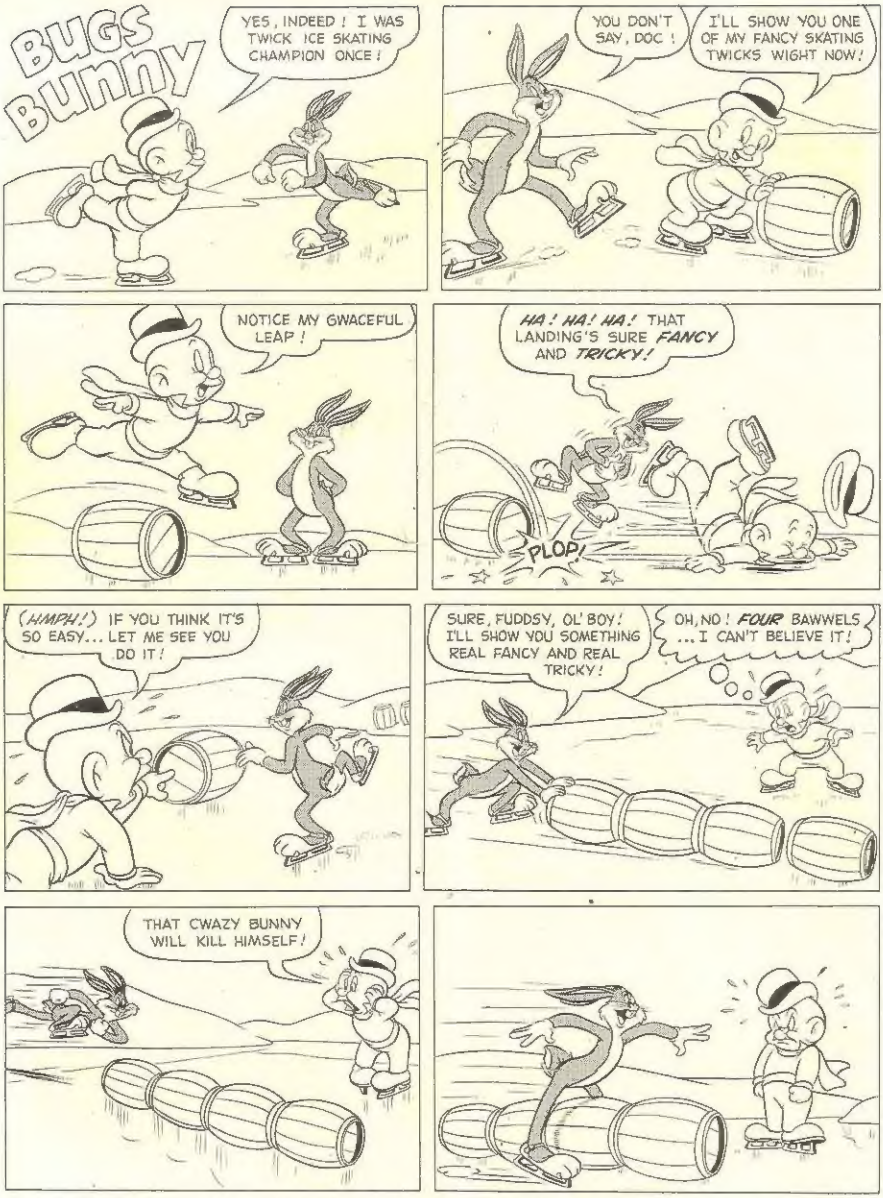
DELL

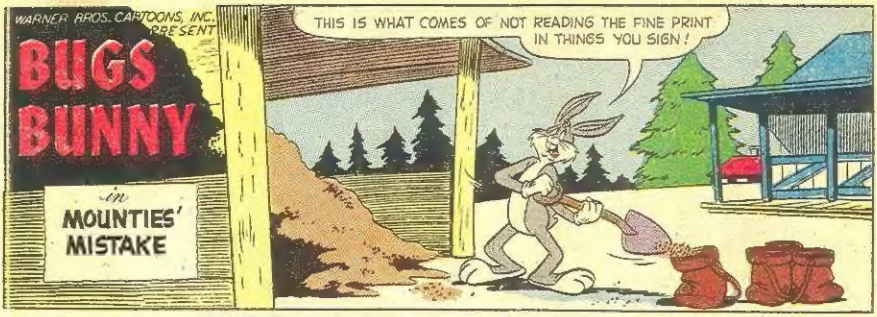
10¢

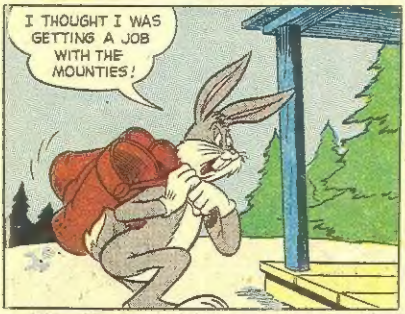
DECEMBER-JANUARY

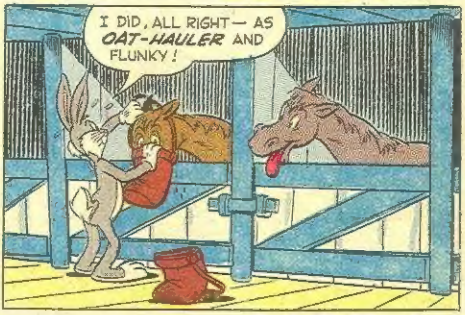
Bugs Bunny



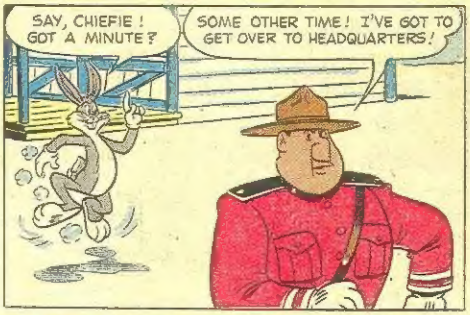
BUGS BUNNY, No. 46, Dec.-Jan., 1956. Published bi-monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Application for second-class entry pending at the Post Office at New York, New York. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Canada 60c per year; foreign subscriptions $1.00 per year. **Dell Subscription Service:** 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y. © Copyright, 1955, by Warner Bros. Cartoons, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

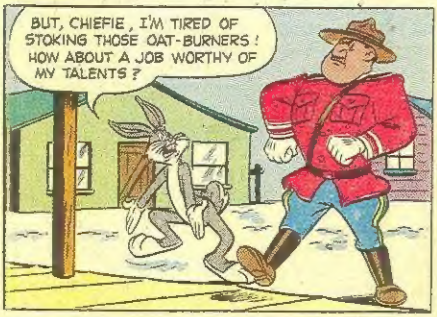

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. PRESENT
BUGS BUNNY
in
MOUNTIES' MISTAKE
THIS IS WHAT COMES OF NOT READING THE FINE PRINT IN THINGS YOU SIGN!


I THOUGHT I WAS GETTING A JOB WITH THE MOUNTIES!


I DID, ALL RIGHT— AS OAT-HAULER AND FLUNKY!

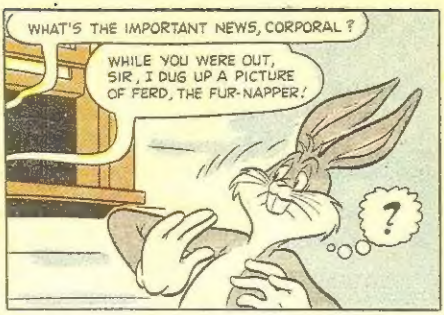
HERE COMES THE CHIEF! I'LL ASK HIM IF THEY HAVE ANY OPENINGS IN THE MOUNTIE DEPARTMENT!


SAY, CHIEFIE! GOT A MINUTE?
SOME OTHER TIME! I'VE GOT TO GET OVER TO HEADQUARTERS!


BUT, CHIEFIE, I'M TIRED OF STOKING THOSE OAT-BURNERS! HOW ABOUT A JOB WORTHY OF MY TALENTS?

YOU'VE GOT IT!
SLAM!

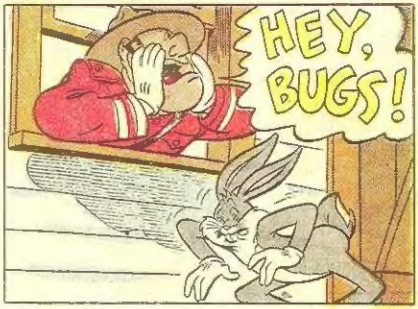
BAH! FOR TWO CENTS I'D HAND IN MY RESIGNERATION ... IF I WASN'T AFRAID THEY'D ACCEPT IT!


WHAT'S THE IMPORTANT NEWS, CORPORAL?
WHILE YOU WERE OUT, SIR, I DUG UP A PICTURE OF FERD, THE FUR-NAPPER!
?

IT WAS TAKEN A FEW YEARS AGO WHEN WE PICKED HIM UP FOR PICKEREL POACHING!
I REMEMBER! HE ESCAPED AND STOLE ALL THE STUFF WE HAD ON HIM IN THE FILES!
?

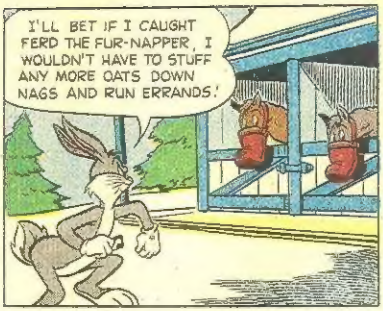
WELL, HE OVERLOOKED THAT NEGATIVE!
HMM! HAVE AN ENLARGEMENT MADE AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S, AND WE'LL PRINT UP SOME REWARD POSTERS!

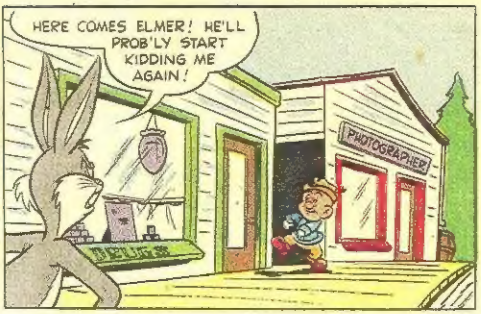
I SURE WOULD LIKE TO PUT THAT RASCAL BEHIND BARS! HE'S A SLIPPERY ONE ALL RIGHT!
YES, SIR! CATCHING HIM WOULD BE A BIG FEATHER IN SOMEBODY'S CAP!

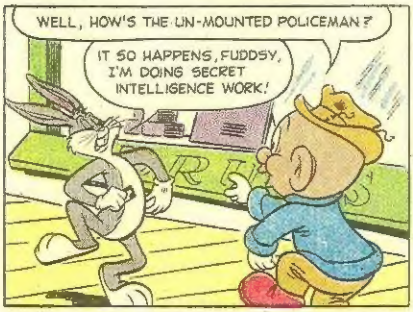

HEY, BUGS!

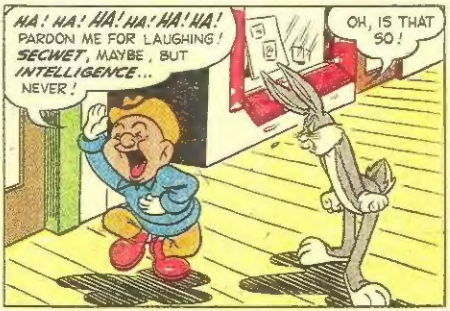
YIKE!
AT YOUR SERVICE, CAPTAIN!

TAKE THIS NEGATIVE OVER TO THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S AND HAVE AN 8 BY 10 ENLARGEMENT MADE! WAIT FOR IT!
YES, SIR!

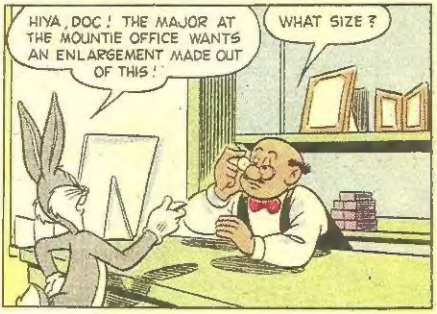

I'LL BET IF I CAUGHT FERD THE FUR-NAPPER, I WOULDN'T HAVE TO STUFF ANY MORE OATS DOWN NAGS AND RUN ERRANDS!

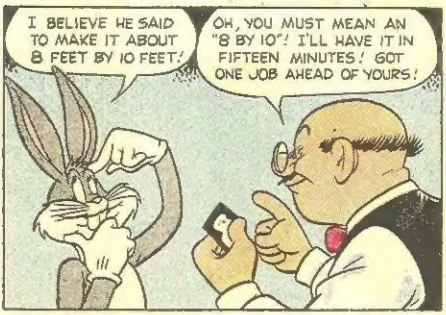

HERE COMES ELMER! HE'LL PROB'LY START KIDDING ME AGAIN!
PHOTOGRAPHER


WELL, HOW'S THE UN-MOUNTED POLICEMAN?
IT SO HAPPENS, FUDDSY, I'M DOING SECRET INTELLIGENCE WORK!


HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! PARDON ME FOR LAUGHING! SECWET, MAYBE, BUT INTELLIGENCE... NEVER!
OH, IS THAT SO!

IF THERE'S ANYTHING I HATE, IT'S BEING LAUGHED AT! I'LL SHOW THAT STUFFED SHIRT SOMEDAY!
HA! HA! HA!


HIYA, DOC! THE MAJOR AT THE MOUNTIE OFFICE WANTS AN ENLARGEMENT MADE OUT OF THIS!
WHAT SIZE?

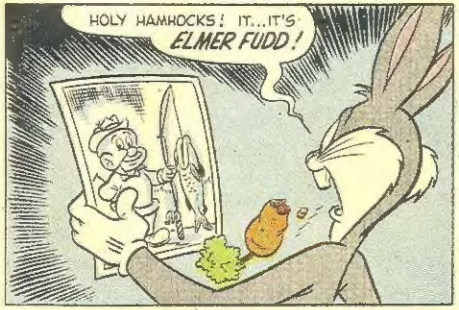

I BELIEVE HE SAID TO MAKE IT ABOUT 8 FEET BY 10 FEET!
OH, YOU MUST MEAN AN "8 BY 10"! I'LL HAVE IT IN FIFTEEN MINUTES! GOT ONE JOB AHEAD OF YOURS!

OKAY! I'LL LATCH ONTO A CARROT OR THREE MEANWHILST!
VERY WELL!

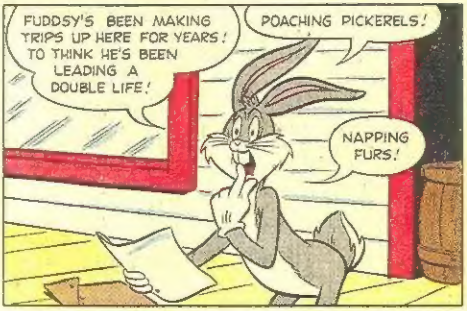
SHORTLY...
HEY, DOC! IS THAT ENLARGEMENT FOR THE MOUNTIES READY YET?
IT'S ON THE *END* OF THE COUNTER!

I'M IN THE DARKROOM! I CAN'T COME OUT NOW!
HMM-HE DIDN'T SAY WHICH END, BUT THIS MUST BE IT!
BUT IT'S *NOT!* *THIS* IS IT!

THINK I'LL HAVE A SQUINT AT THIS CLUCK FERD, THE FUR-NAPPER!

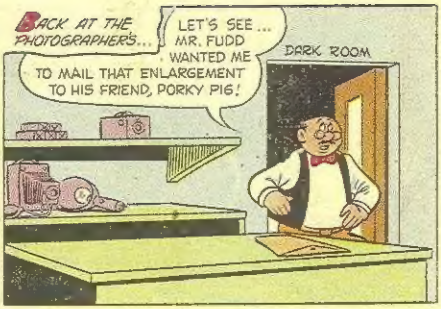

HOLY HAMHOCKS! IT...IT'S *ELMER FUDD!*

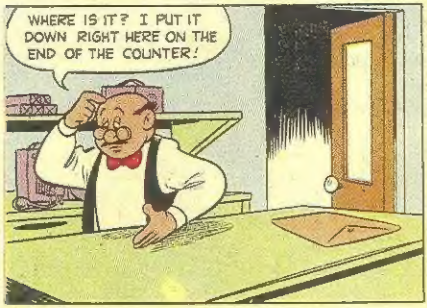
NO, NO! IT CAN'T BE! OR CAN IT? FUDD...*FERD!* CROOKS SOMETIMES USE PHONY NAMES SIMILAR TO THEIR REAL ONES!


FUDDSY'S BEEN MAKING TRIPS UP HERE FOR YEARS! TO THINK HE'S BEEN LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE!
POACHING PICKERELS!
NAPPING FURS!

BOY! WAIT'LL I TELL THE CHIEF!
WAIT HALF A MINUTE!
WHY DON'T *I* BRING IN FUDD-FERD MYSELF?

THE CHIEF WOULD BE SURE TO MAKE ME A MOUNTIE THEN! BESIDES, THERE MIGHT BE A REWARD!
HMM! WONDER WHERE FERDSY WENT?


BACK AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S...
LET'S SEE... MR. FUDD WANTED ME TO MAIL THAT ENLARGEMENT TO HIS FRIEND, PORKY PIG!
DARK ROOM

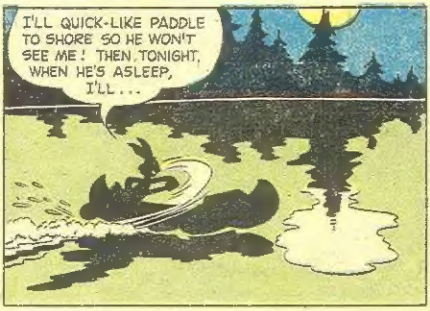

WHERE IS IT? I PUT IT DOWN RIGHT HERE ON THE END OF THE COUNTER!

UH, OH! THAT NITWIT RABBIT TOOK THE WRONG ONE! I'D BETTER GO OVER TO MOUNTIE HEADQUARTERS!

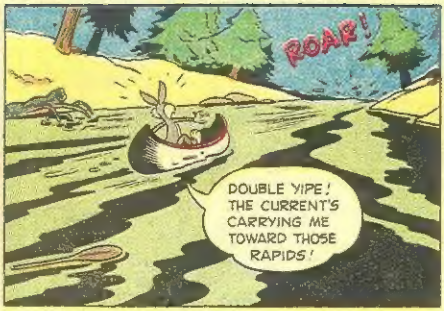
MEANWHILE...
AHA! THERE GOES ELMER NOW... DOWN THE RIVER!
PUT! PUT! PUT!

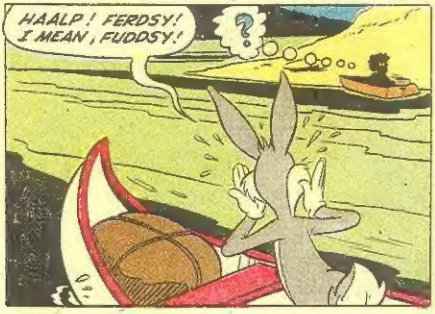
NOT HAVING ANY WEAPONS, I'LL HAVE TO OUTWIT HIM! LUCKILY HE DOESN'T SUSPECT I KNOW WHO HE REALLY IS!

HOURS LATER...
HOORAY! I GUESS HE'S GOING TO CAMP THERE FOR THE NIGHT!


I'LL QUICK-LIKE PADDLE TO SHORE SO HE WON'T SEE ME! THEN, TONIGHT, WHEN HE'S ASLEEP, I'LL...

YIPE! THE PADDLE SLIPPED OUT OF MY HANDS!

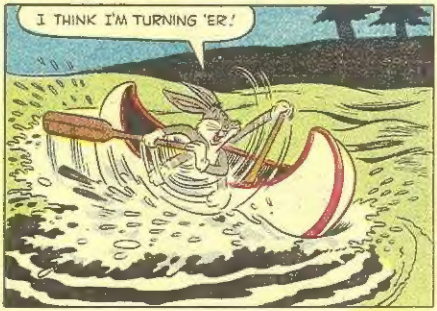

ROAR!
DOUBLE YIPE! THE CURRENT'S CARRYING ME TOWARD THOSE RAPIDS!

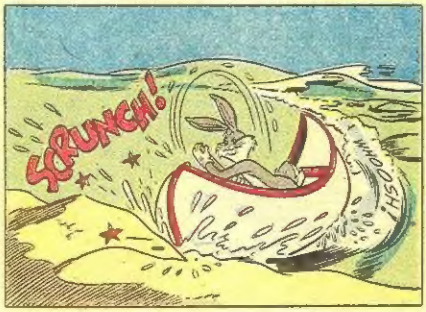

HAALP! FERDSY! I MEAN, FUDDSY!
?

GOODNESS GWACIOUS! WHAT'S THAT WABBIT DOING OUT THERE?
I HAVEN'T GOT A PADDLE!

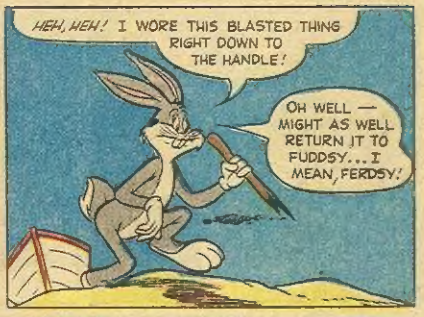
DON'T WOWWY, OLD FWIEND... I'M COMING!
HURRY IT UP! I CAN HEAR THOSE WILD WATERS CALLING MY NAME!
VOOM!

HERE'S A PADDLE! DON'T FORGET TO WETURN IT!
!


I THINK I'M TURNING 'ER!

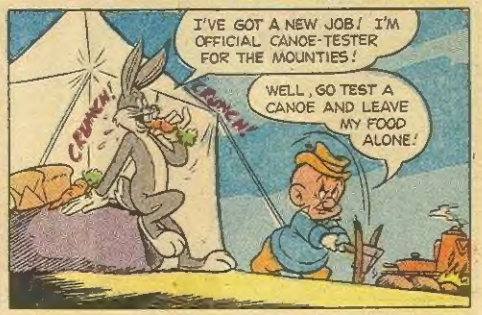

SQRUNCH!
PSSH!

AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN DO WHEN YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO BE DROWNED!


HEH, HEH! I WORE THIS BLASTED THING RIGHT DOWN TO THE HANDLE!
OH WELL — MIGHT AS WELL RETURN IT TO FUDDSY... I MEAN, FERDSY!

GREETINGS, FERDSY — I MEAN, FUDDSY! HERE'S YOUR PADDLE!

WHAT WERE YOU DOING OUT THERE IN A CANOE WITHOUT A PADDLE, YOU SILLY WABBIT?

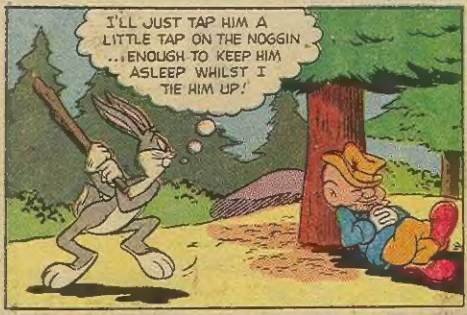

I'VE GOT A NEW JOB! I'M OFFICIAL CANOE-TESTER FOR THE MOUNTIES!
CRUNCH!
CRUNCH!
WELL, GO TEST A CANOE AND LEAVE MY FOOD ALONE!

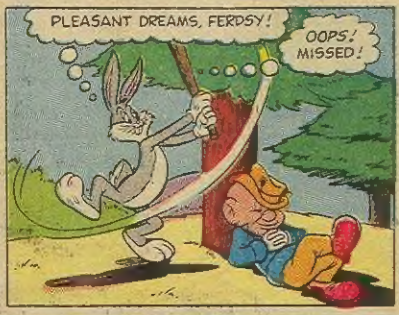
HMM! NO USE GETTING A DESPERATE CHARACTER LIKE HIM SORE WHEN HE HAS AN AXE IN HIS HAND!
OKAY, OKAY! I'LL GO QUIETLY!
DO!
CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

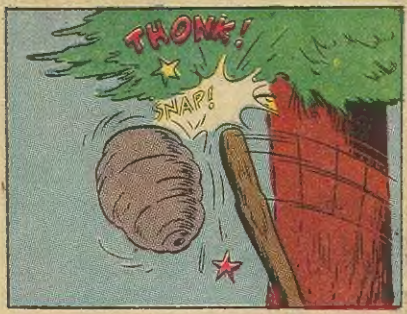
NEVER NOTICED BEFORE WHAT A MEAN LOOK HE HAS!
DWATTED WABBIT! CAN'T I EVER TAKE A VACATION WITHOUT WUNNING INTO HIM?

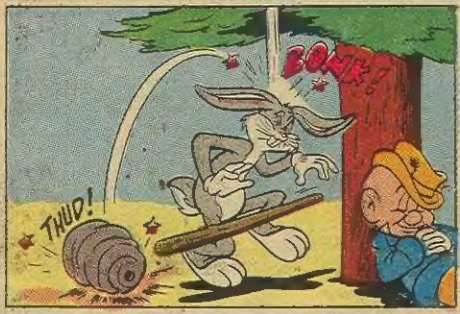
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PLAY THIS CAGEY-LIKE, BUT B. BUNNY ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN!

LATER...
HE'S TAKING A NAP! NOW'S MY TIME TO STRIKE!

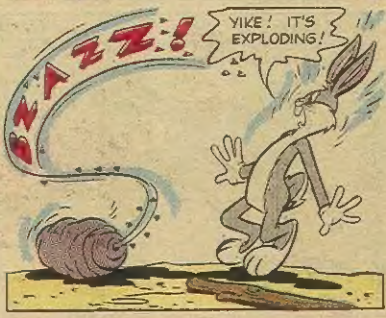

I'LL JUST TAP HIM A LITTLE TAP ON THE NOGGIN ...ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM ASLEEP WHILST I TIE HIM UP!

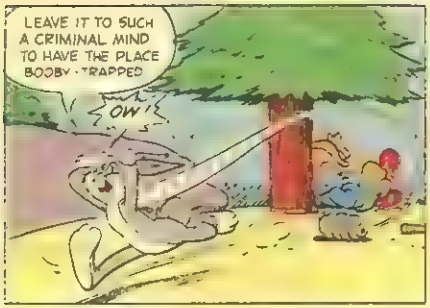

PLEASANT DREAMS, FERDSY!
OOPS! MISSED!

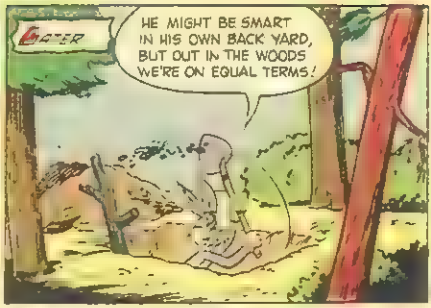

THONK!
SNAP!

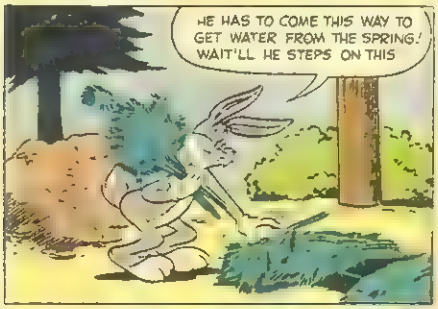

BONK!
THUD!

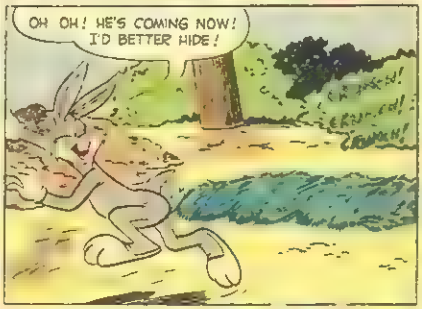
WELL, I DIDN'T KNOW FOOTBALLS GREW ON TREES!

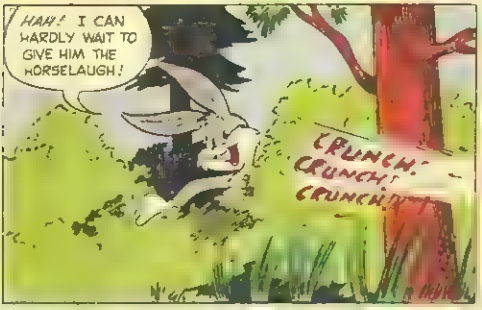

ZAZZZ!
YIKE! IT'S EXPLODING!

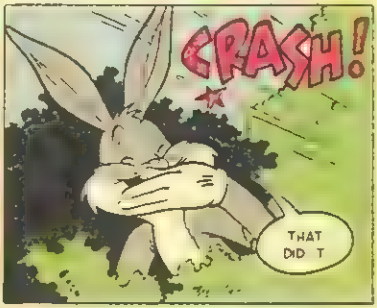

LEAVE IT TO SUCH A CRIMINAL MIND TO HAVE THE PLACE BOOBY-TRAPPED
OW!

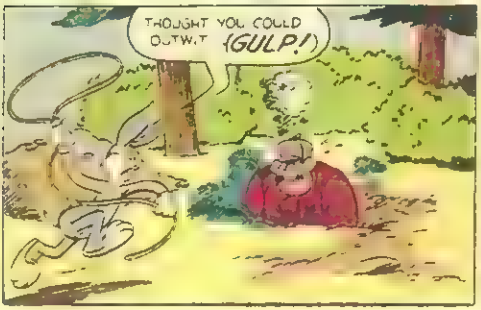

LATER
HE MIGHT BE SMART IN HIS OWN BACK YARD, BUT OUT IN THE WOODS WE'RE ON EQUAL TERMS!

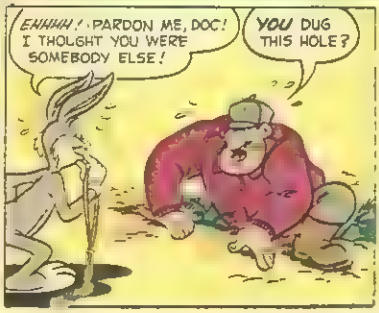

HE HAS TO COME THIS WAY TO GET WATER FROM THE SPRING! WAIT'LL HE STEPS ON THIS

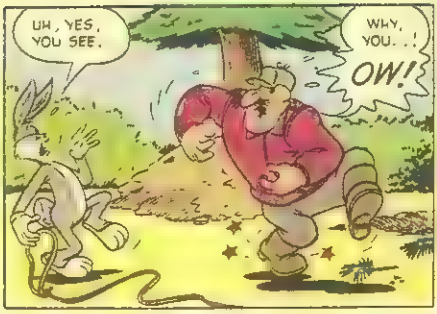

OH OH! HE'S COMING NOW! I'D BETTER HIDE!
CRASH!
CRUNCH!
CRUNCH!

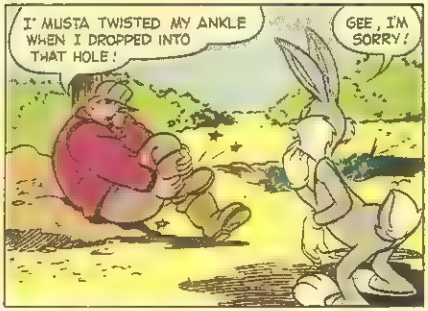

HAH! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GIVE HIM THE HORSELAUGH!
CRUNCH! CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

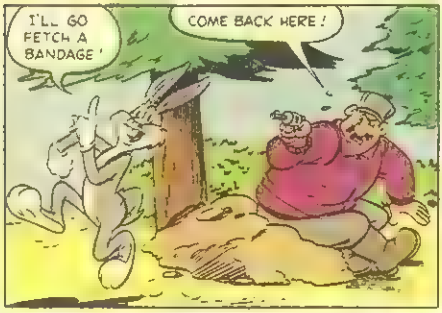

CRASH!
THAT DID T

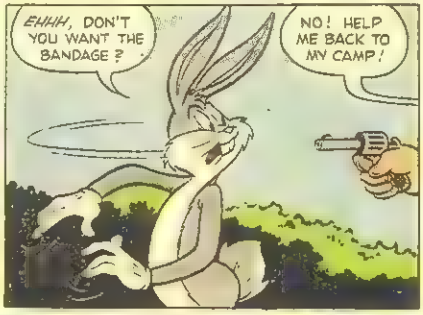

THOUGHT YOU COULD OUTW.T
(GULP!)


EHHHH! PARDON ME, DOC! I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEBODY ELSE!
YOU DUG THIS HOLE?


UH, YES, YOU SEE.
WHY, YOU..!
OW!

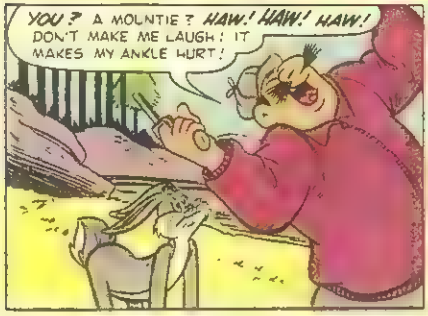

I' MUSTA TWISTED MY ANKLE WHEN I DROPPED INTO THAT HOLE!
GEE, I'M SORRY!

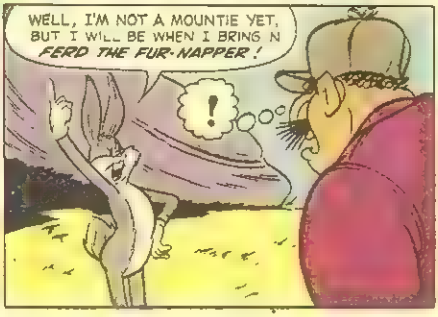

I'LL GO FETCH A BANDAGE!
COME BACK HERE!


EHHH, DON'T YOU WANT THE BANDAGE?
NO! HELP ME BACK TO MY CAMP!

GLAD TO.
YOU SAID YOU THOUGHT I WAS SOMEBODY ELSE! WHO?

GUESS IT WOULDN'T HURT TO TELL HIM! HE'D PROBABLY BEAT IT OUT OF ME ANYWAY.
I'M A MOUNTIE ON THE TRAIL OF A DESPERATE CRIMINAL!

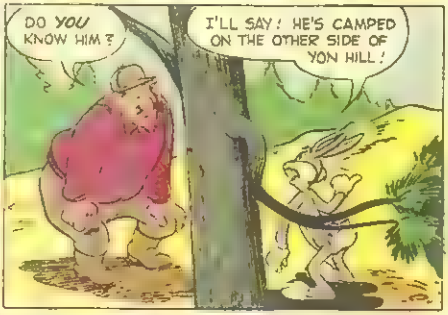

YOU? A MOUNTIE? HAW! HAW! HAW! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! IT MAKES MY ANKLE HURT!

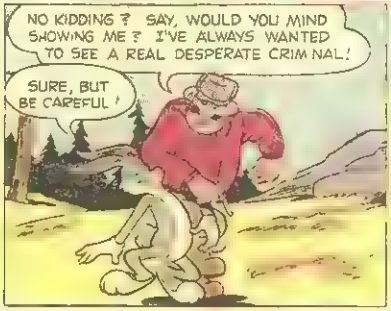

WELL, I'M NOT A MOUNTIE YET, BUT I WILL BE WHEN I BRING IN FERD THE FUR-NAPPER!
!

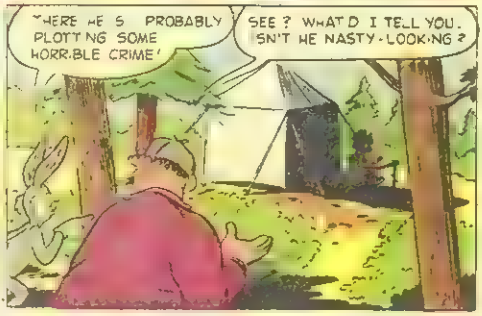
DID YOU SAY FERD THE FUR-NAPPER ?
Y-YESS-R

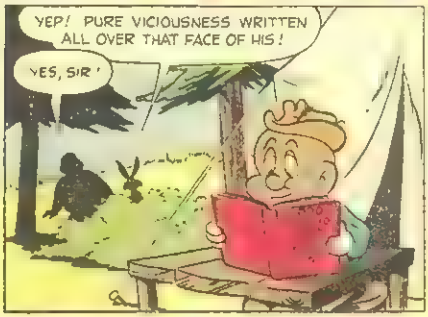
YOU KNOW HIM PERHAPS ?
KNOW HIM ? WHY HE'S THE ROUGHEST MEANEST VARMINT IN THE WHOLE NORTH WOODS !

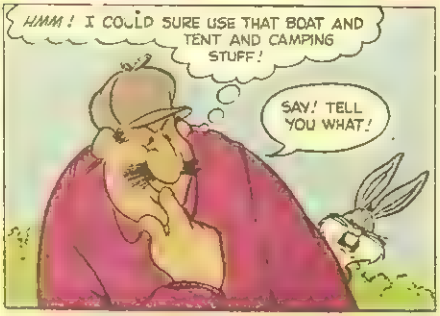
SMARTER'N A WOLVERINE AND NASTIER'N A TIMBER RATTLER !
YEP ! THAT FITS OL' FERDSY TO A "T" !


DO YOU KNOW HIM ?
I'LL SAY ! HE'S CAMPED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF YON HILL !

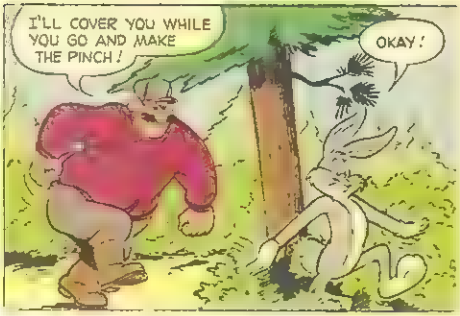

NO KIDDING ? SAY, WOULD YOU MIND SHOWING ME ? I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE A REAL DESPERATE CRIMINAL !
SURE, BUT BE CAREFUL !

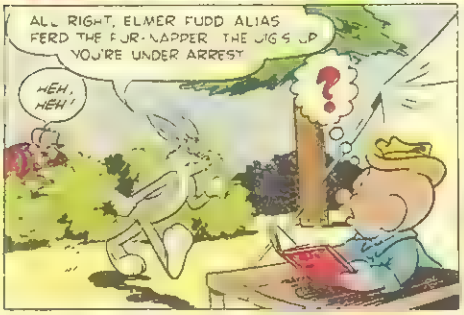

THERE HE'S PROBABLY PLOTTING SOME HORRIBLE CRIME !
SEE ? WHAT'D I TELL YOU. ISN'T HE NASTY-LOOKING ?

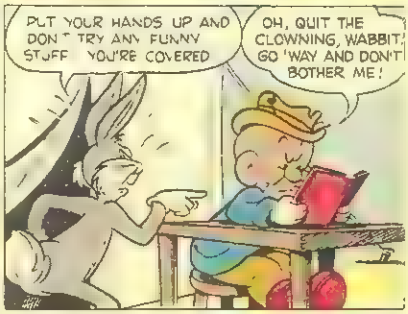

YEP ! PURE VICIOUSNESS WRITTEN ALL OVER THAT FACE OF HIS !
YES, SIR !

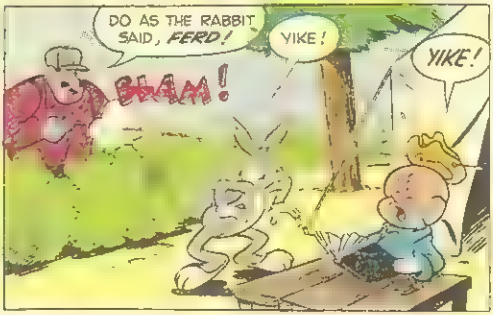

HMM ! I COULD SURE USE THAT BOAT AND TENT AND CAMPING STUFF !
SAY ! TELL YOU WHAT !

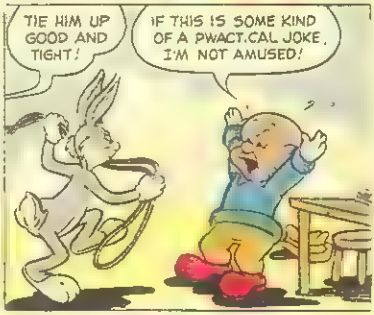
I'LL HELP YOU CAPTURE HIM! YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE GLORY AND THE REWARD! ALL I WANT FOR MY TROUBLE IS HIS CAMPING GEAR!
SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH

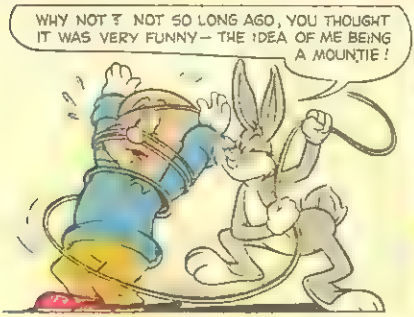

I'LL COVER YOU WHILE YOU GO AND MAKE THE PINCH!
OKAY!

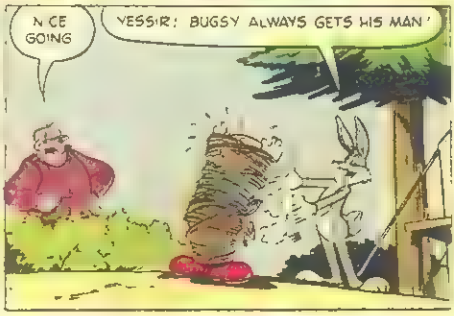

ALL RIGHT, ELMER FUDD ALIAS FERD THE FUR-NAPPER THE JIG'S UP YOU'RE UNDER ARREST
HEH, HEH!
?

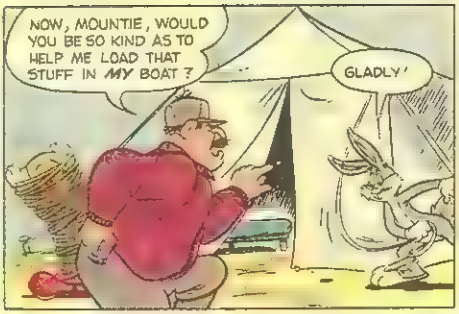

PUT YOUR HANDS UP AND DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF YOU'RE COVERED
OH, QUIT THE CLOWNING, WABBIT, GO 'WAY AND DON'T BOTHER ME!

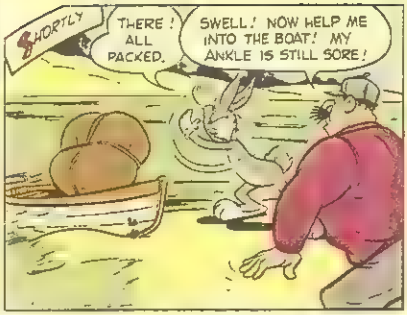

DO AS THE RABBIT SAID, FERD!
YIKE!
YIKE!
BRAM!


TIE HIM UP GOOD AND TIGHT!
IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF A PRACTICAL JOKE, I'M NOT AMUSED!

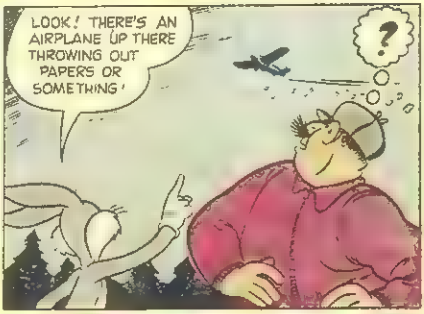

WHY NOT? NOT SO LONG AGO, YOU THOUGHT IT WAS VERY FUNNY— THE IDEA OF ME BEING A MOUNTIE!

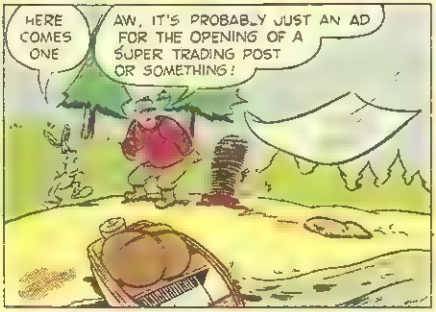

NICE GOING
YESSIR! BUGSY ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN!

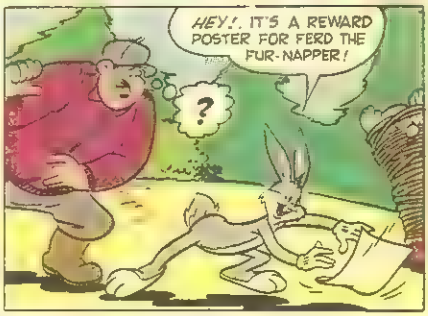

NOW, MOUNTIE, WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO HELP ME LOAD THAT STUFF IN *MY* BOAT?
GLADLY!

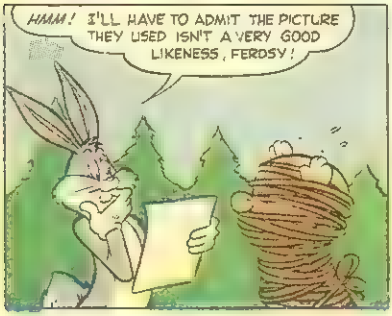

SHORTLY
THERE! ALL PACKED.
SWELL! NOW HELP ME INTO THE BOAT! MY ANKLE IS STILL SORE!

I SURE APPRECIATE THE HELP YOU GAVE ME IN CATCHING THIS DESPERADO!
GLAD TO HELP ANY TIME, MOUNTIE!

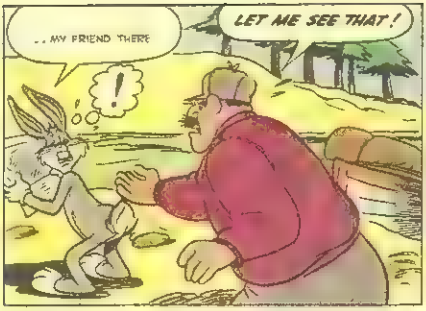

LOOK! THERE'S AN AIRPLANE UP THERE THROWING OUT PAPERS OR SOMETHING!
?

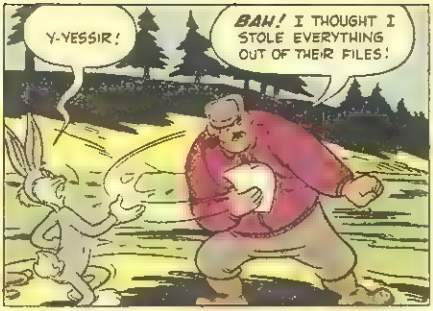

HERE COMES ONE
AW, IT'S PROBABLY JUST AN AD FOR THE OPENING OF A SUPER TRADING POST OR SOMETHING!

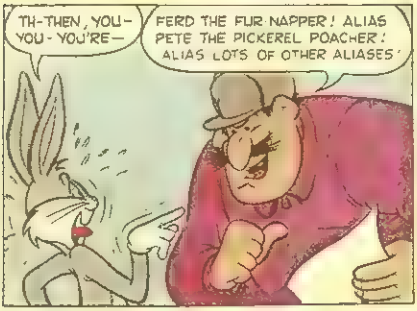

HEY!. IT'S A REWARD POSTER FOR FERD THE FUR-NAPPER!
?

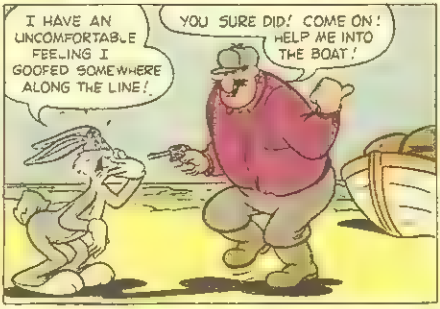

HMM! I'LL HAVE TO ADMIT THE PICTURE THEY USED ISN'T A VERY GOOD LIKENESS, FERDSY!

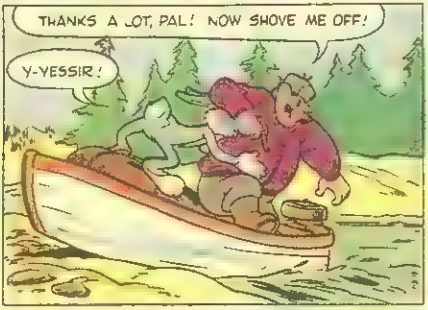
IT MAKES YOU LOOK JUST LIKE.. LIKE...

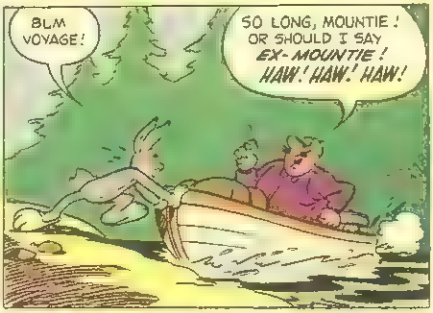

.. MY FRIEND THERE
LET ME SEE THAT!

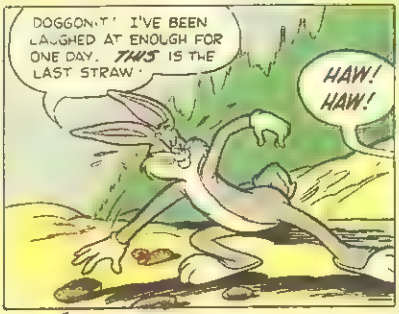

Y-YESSIR!
BAW! I THOUGHT I STOLE EVERYTHING OUT OF THEIR FILES!

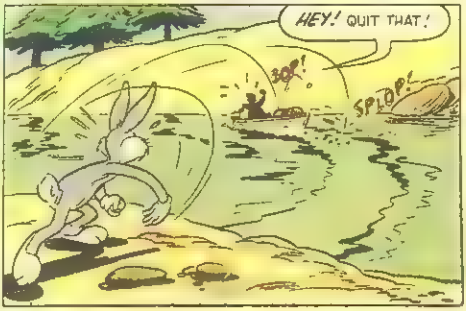

TH-THEN, YOU-YOU-YOU'RE—
FERD THE FUR-NAPPER! ALIAS PETE THE PICKEREL POACHER! ALIAS LOTS OF OTHER ALIASES!

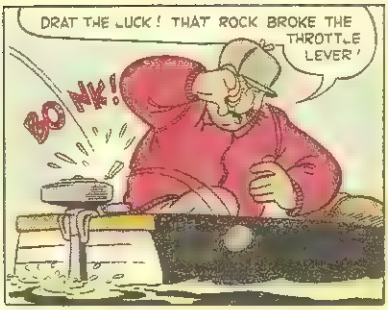

I HAVE AN UNCOMFORTABLE FEELING I GOOFED SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE!
YOU SURE DID! COME ON! HELP ME INTO THE BOAT!

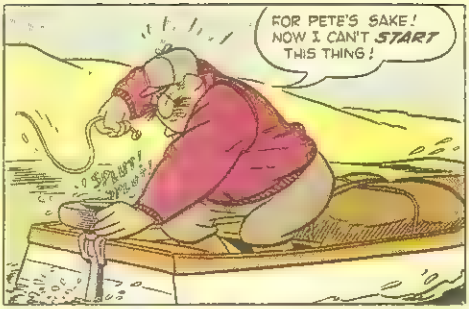

THANKS A LOT, PAL! NOW SHOVE ME OFF!
Y-YESSIR!

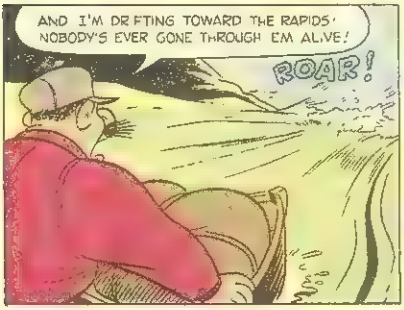

BON VOYAGE!
SO LONG, MOUNTIE! OR SHOULD I SAY EX-MOUNTIE! HAW! HAW! HAW!

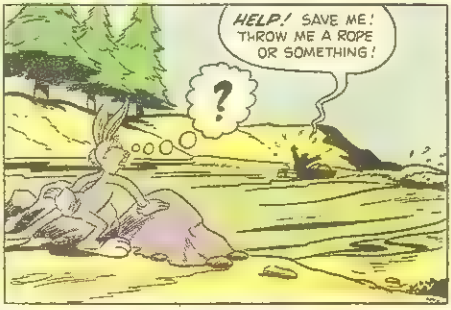

DOGGONIT! I'VE BEEN LAUGHED AT ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY. THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!
HAW! HAW!

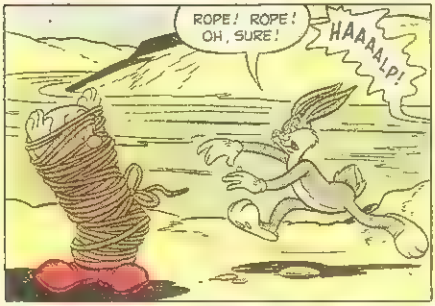

HEY! QUIT THAT!
BOP!
SPLOP!

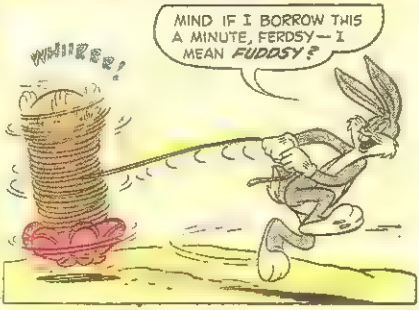

DRAT THE LUCK! THAT ROCK BROKE THE THROTTLE LEVER!
BONK!

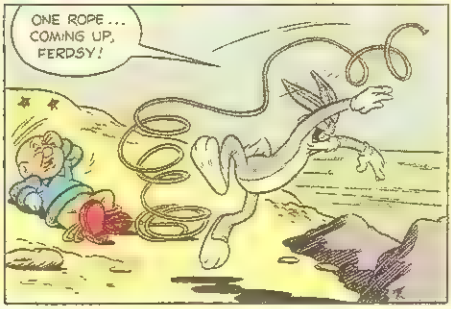

FOR PETE'S SAKE! NOW I CAN'T START THIS THING!
SPUT!

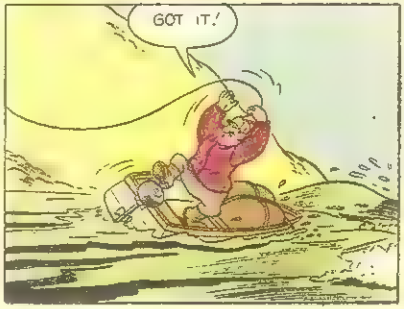

AND I'M DRIFTING TOWARD THE RAPIDS! NOBODY'S EVER GONE THROUGH EM ALIVE!
ROAR!

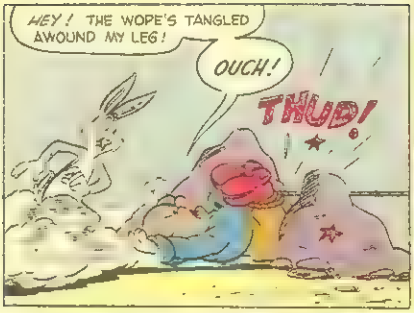

HELP! SAVE ME! THROW ME A ROPE OR SOMETHING!
?

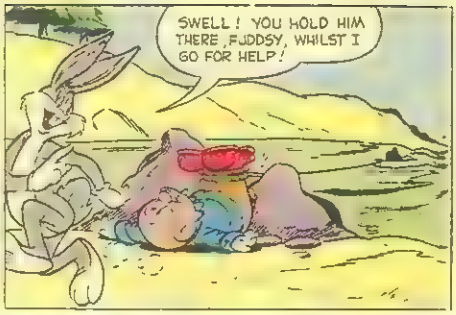

ROPE! ROPE! OH, SURE!
HAAAALP!

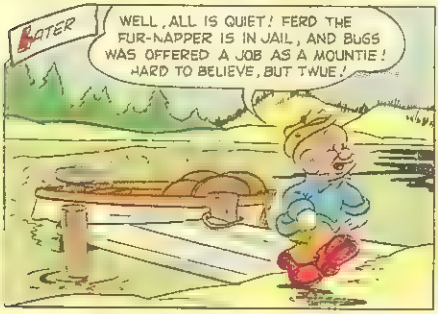

MIND IF I BORROW THIS A MINUTE, FERDSY— I MEAN FUDDSY?
WHIRR!

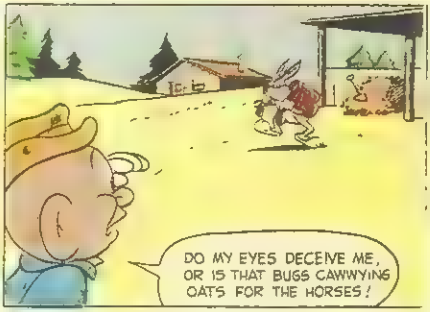

ONE ROPE... COMING UP, FERDSY!

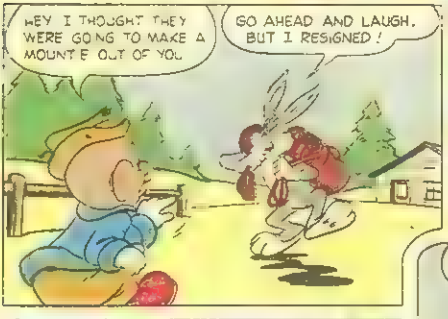

GOT IT!


HEY! THE WOPE'S TANGLED AWOUND MY LEG!
OUCH!
THUD!

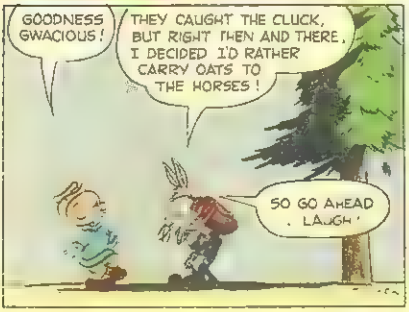

SWELL! YOU HOLD HIM THERE, FUDDSY, WHILST I GO FOR HELP!

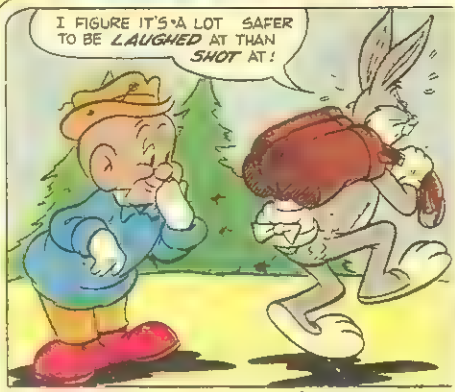

LATER
WELL, ALL IS QUIET! FERD THE FUR-NAPPER IS IN JAIL, AND BUGS WAS OFFERED A JOB AS A MOUNTIE! HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT TWUE!


DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME, OR IS THAT BUGS CAWWYING OATS FOR THE HORSES!


HEY I THOUGHT THEY WERE GOING TO MAKE A MOUNTIE OUT OF YOU
GO AHEAD AND LAUGH. BUT I RESIGNED!

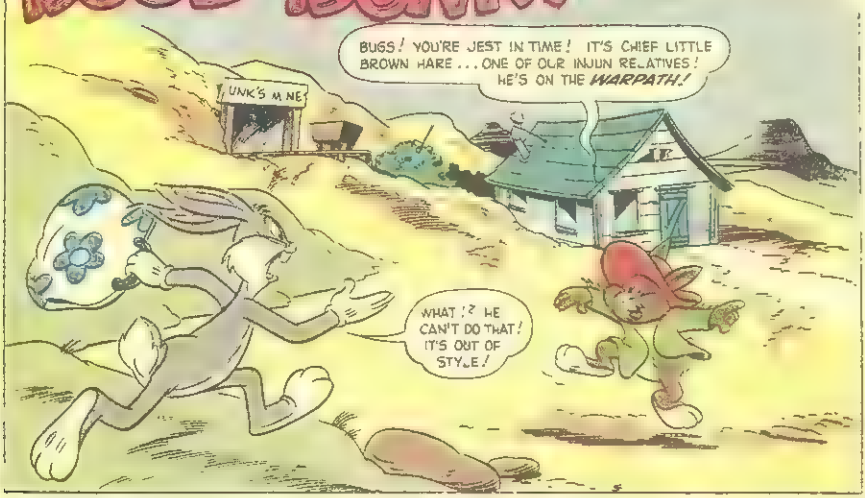
WESIGNED?
YEP! I GOT THE JOB GUARDING FERD! HE GRABBED A SHOTGUN AND LET FLY AT ME!

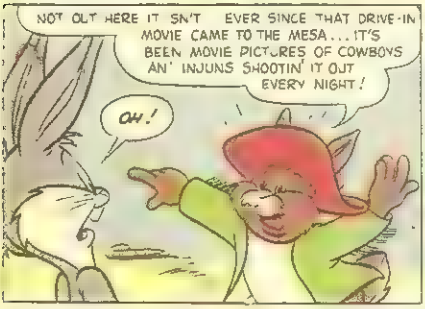

GOODNESS GWACIOUS!
THEY CAUGHT THE CLUCK, BUT RIGHT THEN AND THERE, I DECIDED I'D RATHER CARRY OATS TO THE HORSES!
SO GO AHEAD. LAUGH!

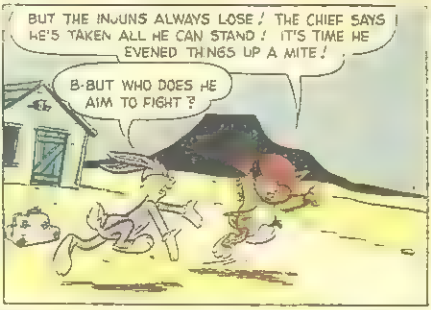

I FIGURE IT'S A LOT SAFER TO BE LAUGHED AT THAN SHOT AT!

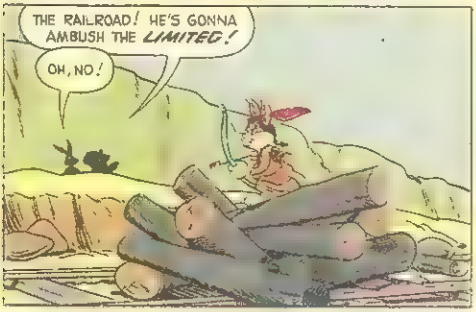
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC
present

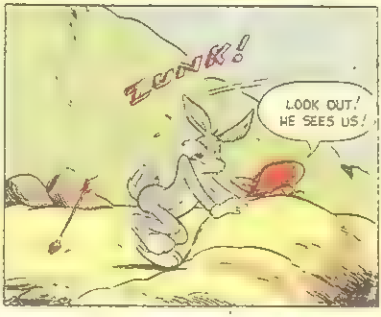
BUGS BUNNY in the "BIG INJUN AMBUSH"

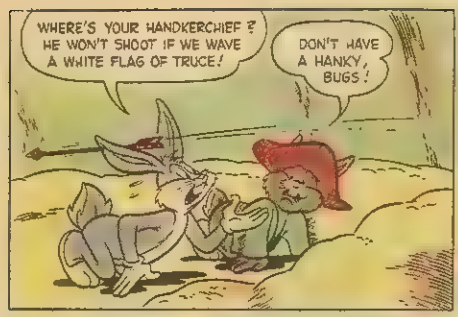


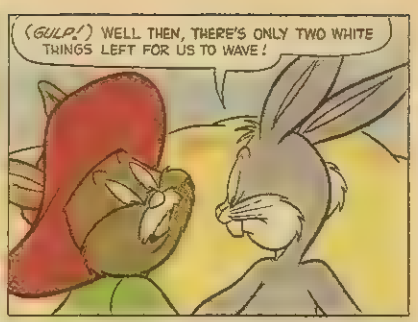


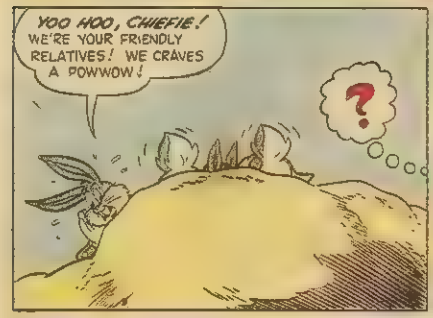


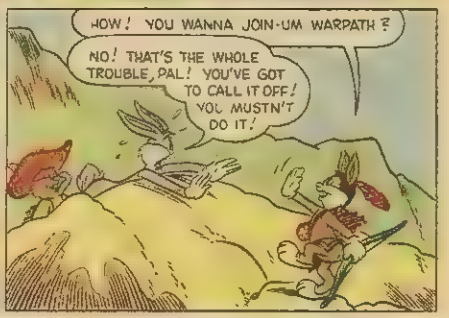


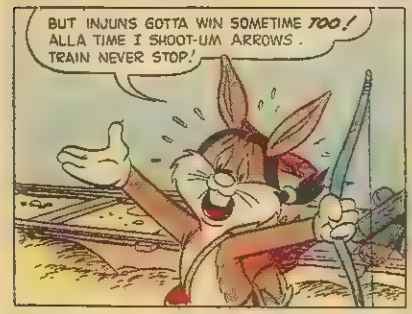


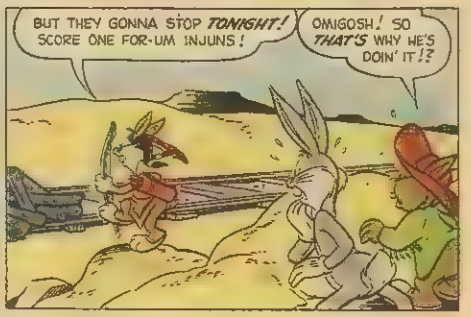

WHERE'S YOUR HANDKERCHIEF? HE WON'T SHOOT IF WE WAVE A WHITE FLAG OF TRUCE!
DON'T HAVE A HANKY, BUGS!

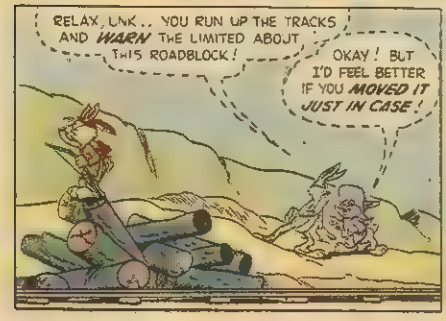

(GULP!) WELL THEN, THERE'S ONLY TWO WHITE THINGS LEFT FOR US TO WAVE!

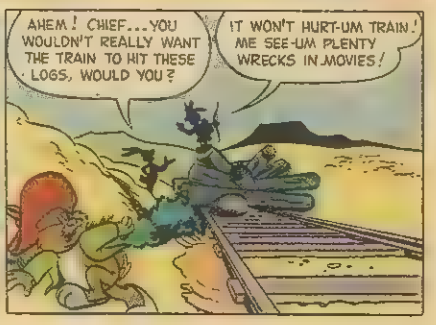

YOO HOO, CHIEFIE! WE'RE YOUR FRIENDLY RELATIVES! WE CRAVES A POWWOW!
?

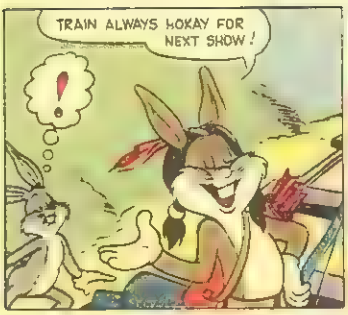

HOW! YOU WANNA JOIN-UM WARPATH?
NO! THAT'S THE WHOLE TROUBLE, PAL! YOU'VE GOT TO CALL IT OFF! YOU MUSTN'T DO IT!

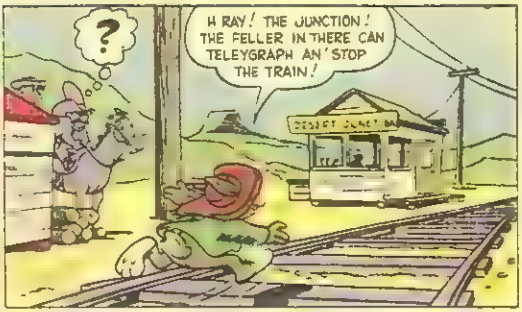

BUT INJUNS GOTTA WIN SOMETIME TOO! ALLA TIME I SHOOT-UM ARROWS. TRAIN NEVER STOP!

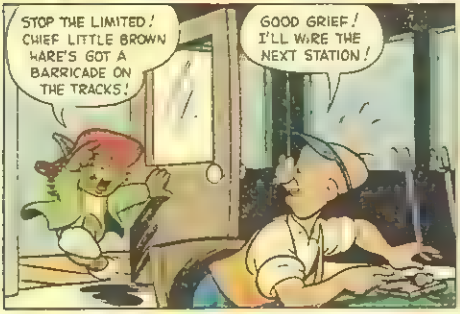

BUT THEY GONNA STOP TONIGHT! SCORE ONE FOR-UM INJUNS!
OMIGOSH! SO THAT'S WHY HE'S DOIN' IT!?

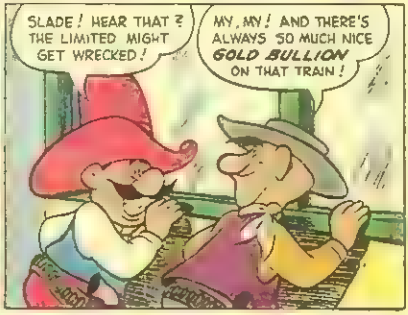

RELAX, UNK.. YOU RUN UP THE TRACKS AND WARN THE LIMITED ABOUT THIS ROADBLOCK!
OKAY! BUT I'D FEEL BETTER IF YOU MOVED IT JUST IN CASE!

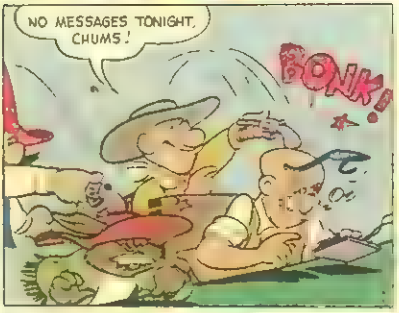

AHEM! CHIEF... YOU WOULDN'T REALLY WANT THE TRAIN TO HIT THESE LOGS, WOULD YOU?
IT WON'T HURT-UM TRAIN! ME SEE-UM PLENTY WRECKS IN MOVIES!

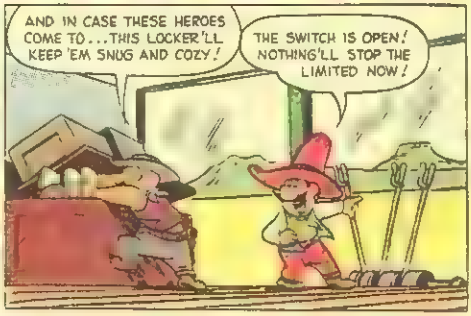

TRAIN ALWAYS HOKAY FOR NEXT SHOW!
!

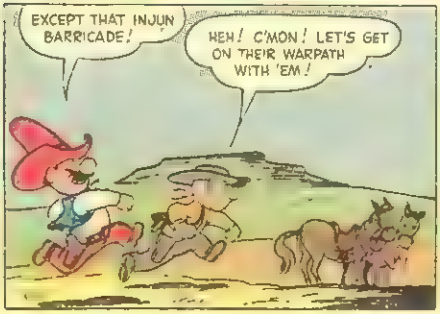

?
H RAY! THE JUNCTION! THE FELLER IN THERE CAN TELEYGRAPH AN' STOP THE TRAIN!


STOP THE LIMITED! CHIEF LITTLE BROWN HARE'S GOT A BARRICADE ON THE TRACKS!
GOOD GRIEF! I'LL WIRE THE NEXT STATION!

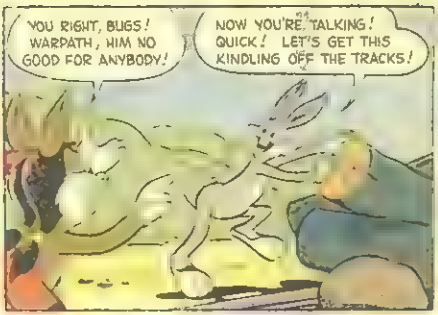

SLADE! HEAR THAT? THE LIMITED MIGHT GET WRECKED!
MY, MY! AND THERE'S ALWAYS SO MUCH NICE GOLD BULLION ON THAT TRAIN!

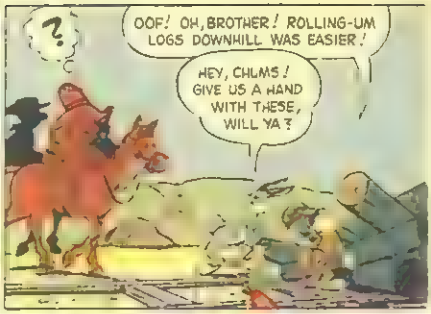

NO MESSAGES TONIGHT, CHUMS!
BONK!

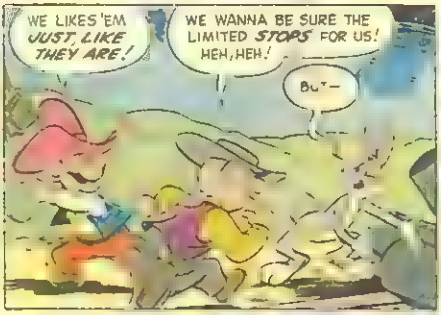

AND IN CASE THESE HEROES COME TO...THIS LOCKER'LL KEEP 'EM SNUG AND COZY!
THE SWITCH IS OPEN! NOTHING'LL STOP THE LIMITED NOW!

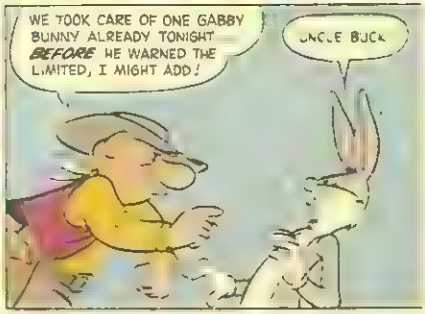

EXCEPT THAT INJUN BARRICADE!
HEH! C'MON! LET'S GET ON THEIR WARPATH WITH 'EM!

BUT BY THIS TIME THE WARPATH IS GETTING DETOURED!
AND IF YOU DO IT, THE CAVALRY WILL PURSUE YOU AND THE TOURISTS WON'T BUY YOUR SOUVENIRS ANY MORE
OH NO! THAT-UM, BE AWFUL!

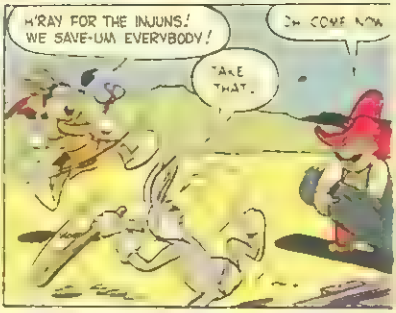

YOU RIGHT, BUGS! WARPATH, HIM NO GOOD FOR ANYBODY!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING! QUICK! LET'S GET THIS KINDLING OFF THE TRACKS!

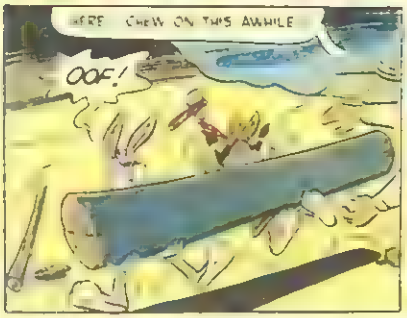

?
OOF! OH, BROTHER! ROLLING-UM LOGS DOWNHILL WAS EASIER!
HEY, CHUMS! GIVE US A HAND WITH THESE, WILL YA?

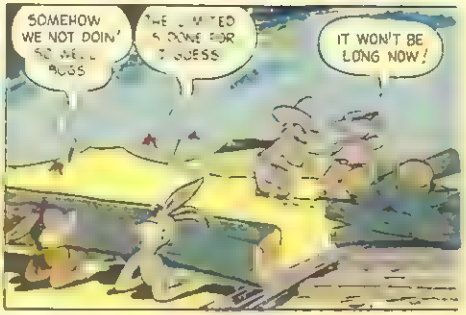

WE LIKES 'EM JUST, LIKE THEY ARE!
WE WANNA BE SURE THE LIMITED STOPS FOR US! HEH, HEH!
BUT—


WE TOOK CARE OF ONE GABBY BUNNY ALREADY TONIGHT BEFORE HE WARNED THE LIMITED, I MIGHT ADD!
UNCLE BUCK

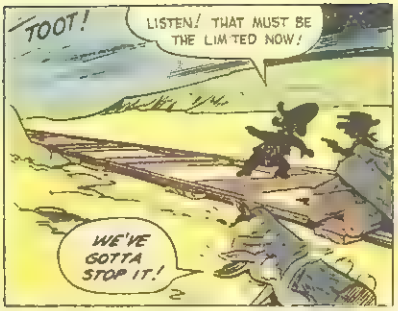
THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! WE'RE BACK ON THE WARPATH, CHIEF!

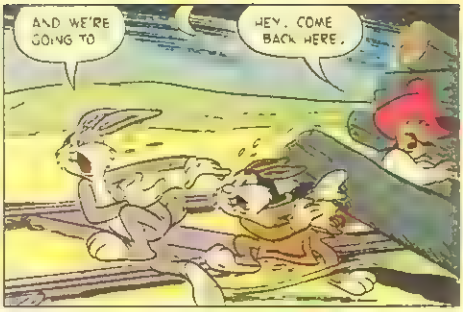

H'RAY FOR THE INJUNS! WE SAVE-UM EVERYBODY!
OH COME NOW
TAKE THAT.

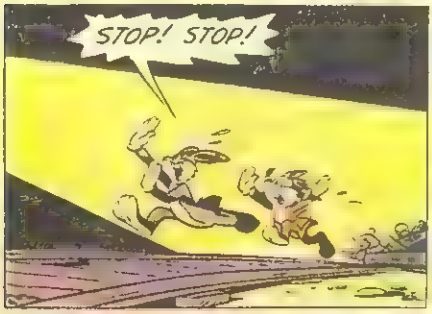

HERE CHEW ON THIS AWHILE
OOF!

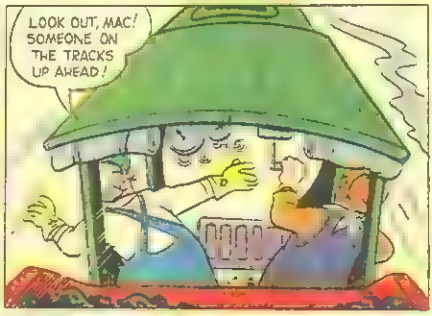

SOMEHOW WE NOT DOIN' SO WELL BUGS
THE LIMITED IS DONE FOR I GUESS
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

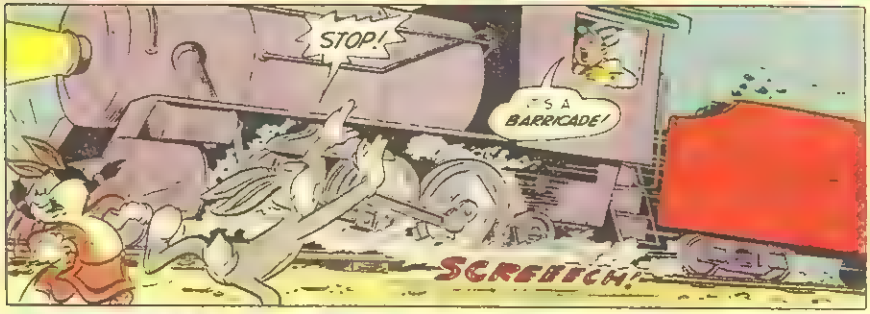
BUT DON'T COUNT UNCLE BUCK OUT YET...
I'VE CHEWED MY WAY OUTA WORSE FIXES THAN THIS!
GNAW! GNAW!
DOT DOT DOT DASH DOT DASH DOT
STOP CHEWING, RABBIT! THERE'S A MESSAGE COMING THROUGH!
!
T SAYS A SPECIAL CIRCUS TRAIN S COMING THROUGH AHEAD OF THE LIMITED!
CIRCUS TRAIN?
F THAT GETS WRECKED THERE'LL BE WILD LIONS AN TIGERS RUNNING ALL OVER THE PLACE!
CHEW, RABBIT! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT!
PTHOOEY!
PTOO!
YOU'VE DONE IT! UNLATCH THE LID
WE'RE TOO LATE! THERE IT GOES NOW!
AND IT'S FULL OF FEROCIOUS LIONS AN' TIGERS... JUST LIKE WE WERE AFRAID OF!
R-ROAR!

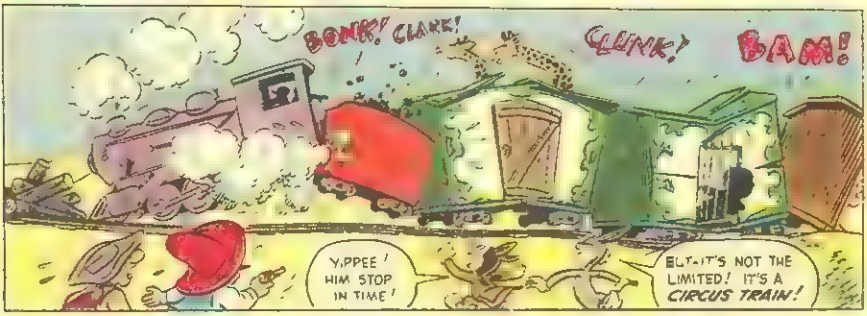

TOOT!
LISTEN! THAT MUST BE THE LIMITED NOW!
WE'VE GOTTA STOP IT!


AND WE'RE GOING TO
HEY. COME BACK HERE.

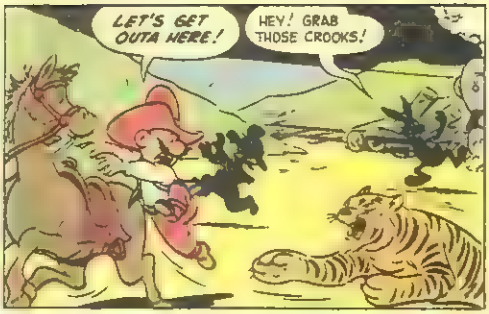

STOP! STOP!

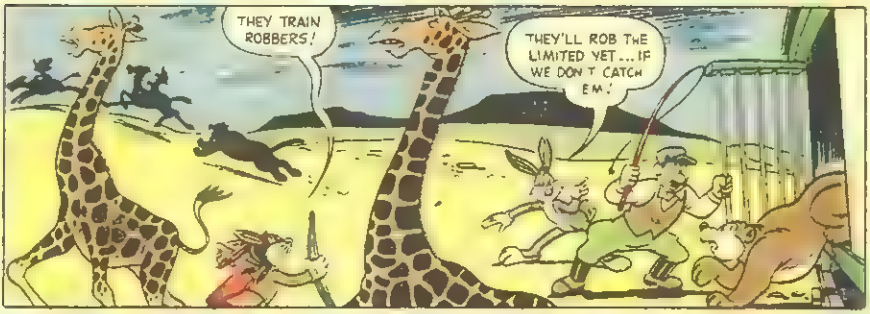

LOOK OUT, MAC! SOMEONE ON THE TRACKS UP AHEAD!


STOP!
'S A BARRICADE!
SCREEECH!

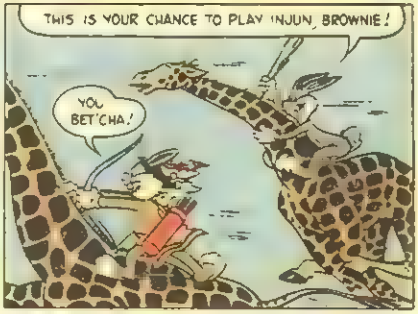

BONK! CLANK!
CLINK!
BAM!
YIPPEE! HIM STOP IN TIME!
ELT-IT'S NOT THE LIMITED! IT'S A CIRCUS TRAIN!

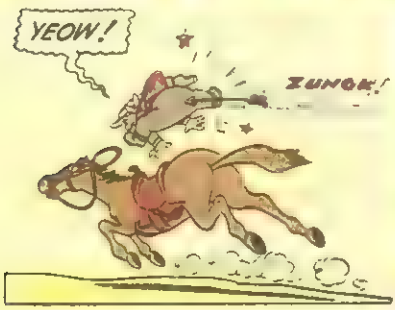
A CIRCUS TRAIN ?
OW! LOOK OUT! THAT JARRING STOP SPRUNG THE ANIMALS LOOSE!

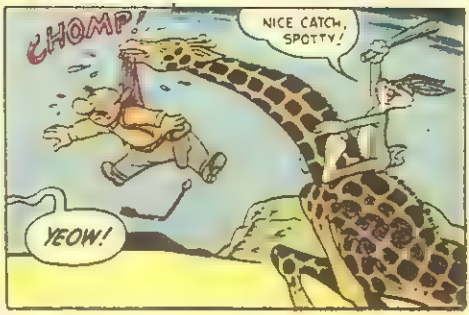

LET'S GET OUTA HERE!
HEY! GRAB THOSE CROOKS!

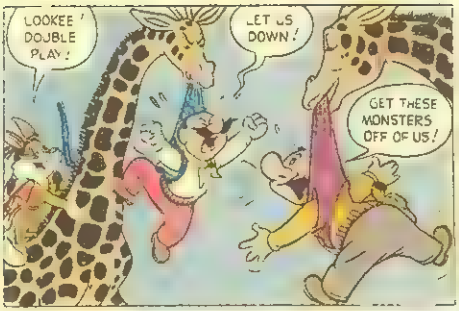

THEY TRAIN ROBBERS!
THEY'LL ROB THE LIMITED YET... IF WE DON'T CATCH EM!

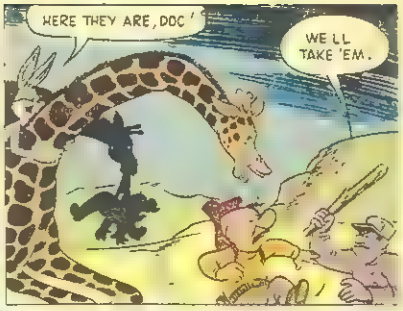
GET GOING, HIGH-POCKETS! AFTER 'EM!
ME, TOO!

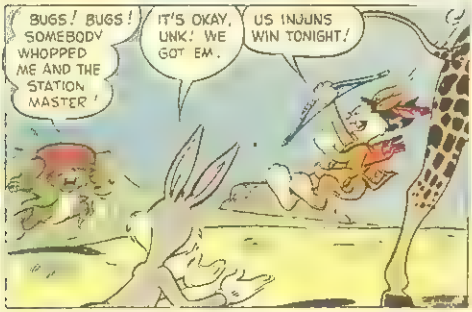

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO PLAY INJUN, BROWNIE!
YOU BET'CHA!

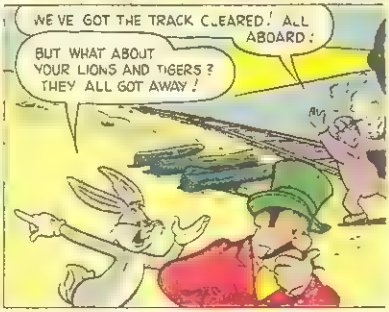

YEOW!
ZUNGK!

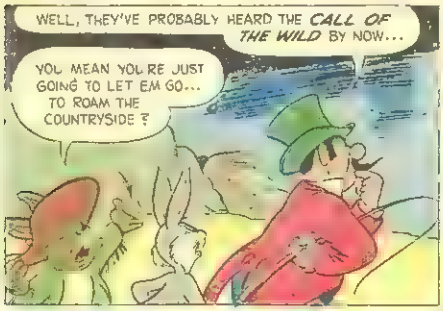

CHOMP!
NICE CATCH, SPOTTY!
YEOW!


LOOKEE! DOUBLE PLAY!
LET US DOWN!
GET THESE MONSTERS OFF OF US!

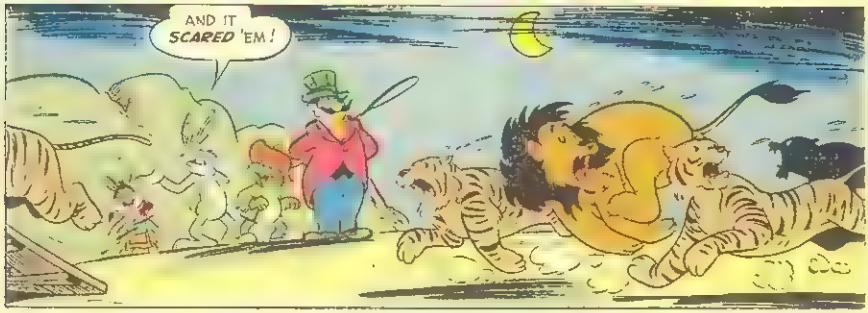

HERE THEY ARE, DOC!
WE'LL TAKE 'EM.

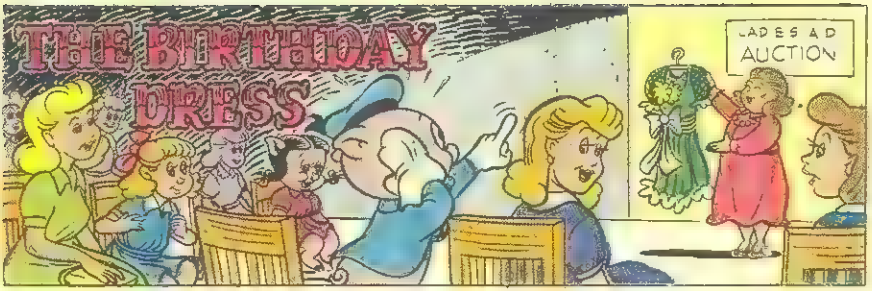

BUGS! BUGS! SOMEBODY WHOPPED ME AND THE STATION MASTER!
IT'S OKAY, UNK! WE GOT EM.
US INJUNS WIN TONIGHT!


WE'VE GOT THE TRACK CLEARED! ALL ABOARD!
BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR LIONS AND TIGERS? THEY ALL GOT AWAY!


WELL, THEY'VE PROBABLY HEARD THE *CALL OF THE WILD* BY NOW...
YOU MEAN YOU'RE JUST GOING TO LET EM GO... TO ROAM THE COUNTRYSIDE?

OH, NO! HERE THEY COME BACK TO THEIR CAGES
OO-000-0-0-0
LIKE HE SAID, UNK... THEY HEARD *THE CALL OF THE WILD*...


AND IT *SCARED* 'EM!



Cicero hurried down the street, a large dress box tucked under his arm.

"That Petunia!" he muttered, "I don't mind picking up the package her cousin sent her for her birthday, but she sure tricked me into bringing it to her Ladies' Aid Meeting!" Cicero shuddered. "Women! They'll eye me up and down and side to side!" He shook his head unhappily. "Besides, when am I going to do my *own* shoppin'? I've got to buy a present for Petunia, *myself*, and with only three dollars to do it!"

The screech of brakes sent Cicero jumping.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" an angry voice called from the car.

Cicero picked himself up slowly and looked around for his package. The box was so badly torn he tossed it to one side and, with a sigh, threw the bright green dress over his arm and continued on his way.

"Well, what have we *here!*" one of the ladies greeted him as he entered the large meeting hall. "My, what a simply beautiful dress!" She lifted it off of Cicero's arm and held it up to admire.

"Petunia asked me to bring it—" Cicero began. "Hey, just a minute, *please!*" he shouted as the woman carted the dress off to the platform. "You don't *understand!*"

The woman waved the crowd of chattering women to silence. "Look!" she exclaimed, gayly, showing off the dress, "we have just received *another* item for our auction!" There was an approving murmur from the crowd as she struck the table with her gavel. "Anyone want to start the bidding?"

"Fifty cents!" one woman called out. "A dollar!" another cried. And the voices grew louder as the bidding progressed.

"Please!" Cicero begged, straining to make himself heard above the noise. "Wait, PLEASE!"

He spotted Petunia across the room and waved his hand frantically to get her attention. Petunia beamed happily and waved back.

"Going at two fifty!" the lady auctioneer was announcing. "Going . . . going . . . "

Cicero gulped. "Three dollars!" he yelled.

Every eye in the place focused on him. Poor Cicero squirmed and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Three dollars once!" the woman was saying, " . . . three dollars twice! SOLD to the young gentleman down there!"

"Bravo!" someone shouted. And the rest of the women took up the cry. "BRAVO!"

Petunia pushed her way through the crowd. "Oh Cicero!" she cried, happily, "you were *wonderful!*" She shot him a coy glance. "You know what? I'll just bet that dress is my *birthday present!*"

Cicero pulled at his tie and swallowed hard.

As the ladies passed him, they each favored him with a sly smile. Cicero bowed so often that he backed himself and Petunia right out of the door. "WHEW!" he gasped, mopping his damp brow, "what an experience!"

All the way home he tried to think of some way to explain to Petunia what had happened. When he finally blurted out the whole story, Petunia began to laugh.

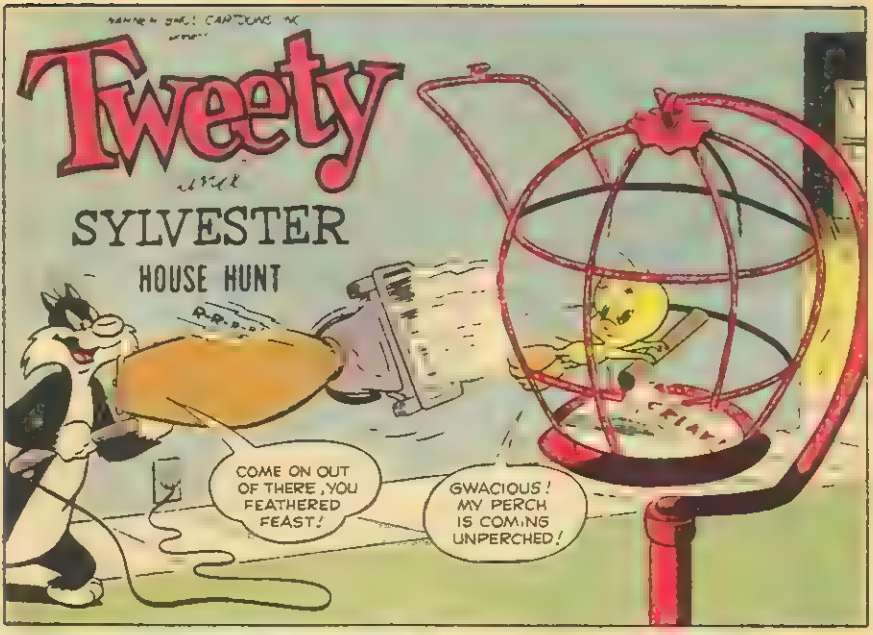
"You're not *angry?*" Cicero asked in surprise.

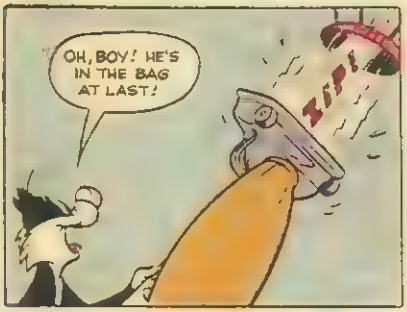
Petunia shook her head and grinned. "Why should I be?" she asked. "I still have my dress and just think! At last every one of those ladies has had a chance to meet you!"

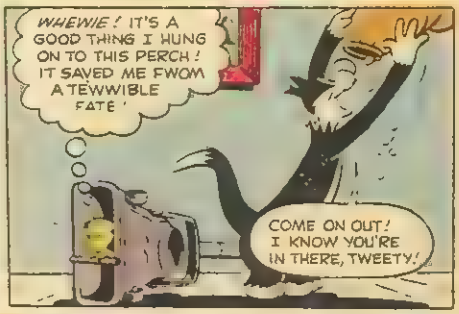
Tweety

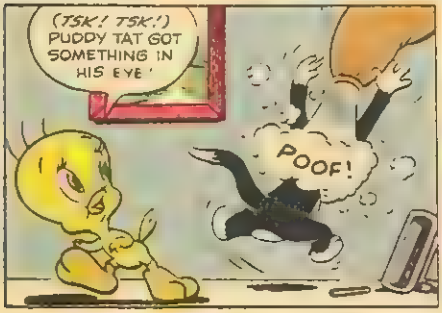
SYLVESTER

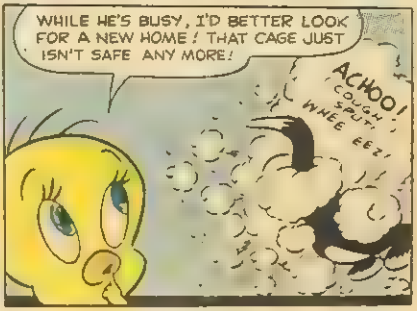
HOUSE HUNT

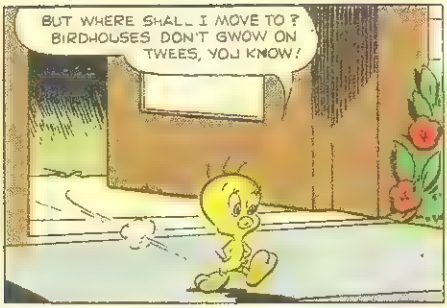


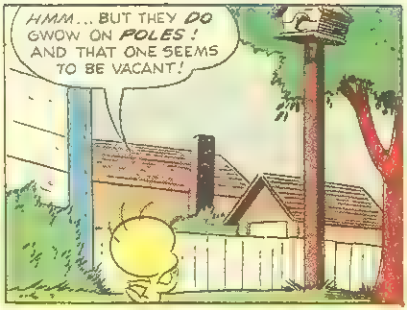


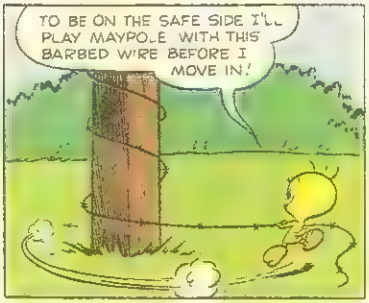


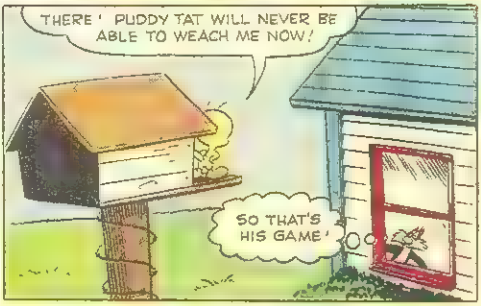




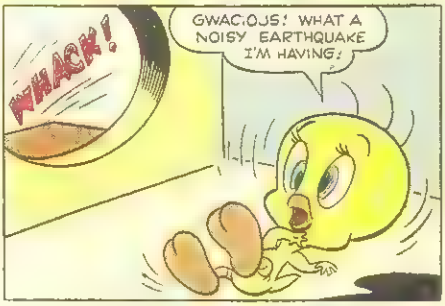

BUT WHERE SHALL I MOVE TO? BIRDHOUSES DON'T GWOW ON TWEES, YOU KNOW!

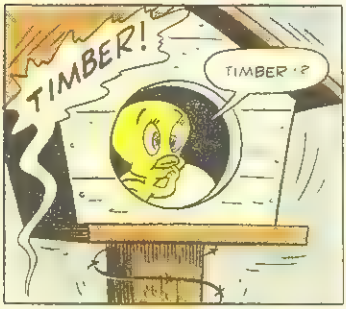

HMM... BUT THEY DO GWOW ON POLES! AND THAT ONE SEEMS TO BE VACANT!

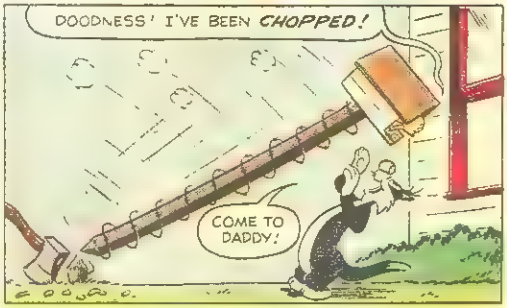

TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE I'LL PLAY MAYPOLE WITH THIS BARBED WIRE BEFORE I MOVE IN!

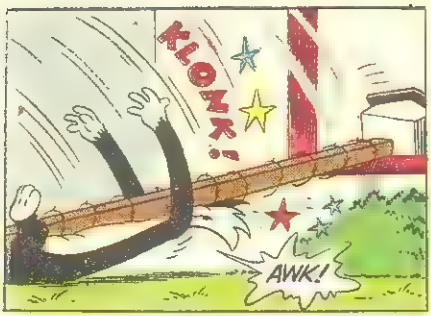

THERE! PUDDY TAT WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO WEACH ME NOW!
SO THAT'S HIS GAME!

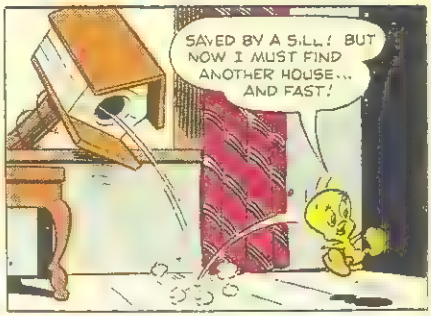
WELL, THERE ARE WAYS TO DEAL WITH POLE-SITTERS, TOO!

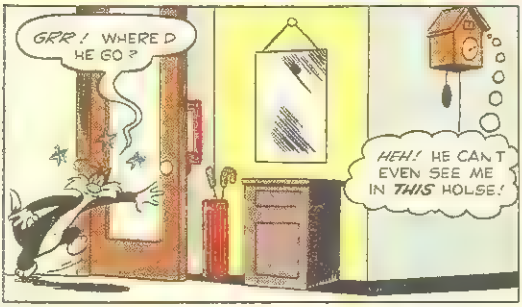

WHACK!
GWACIOUS! WHAT A NOISY EARTHQUAKE I'M HAVING!

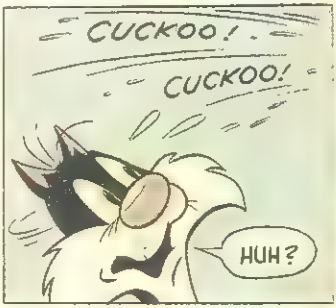

TIMBER!
TIMBER!?

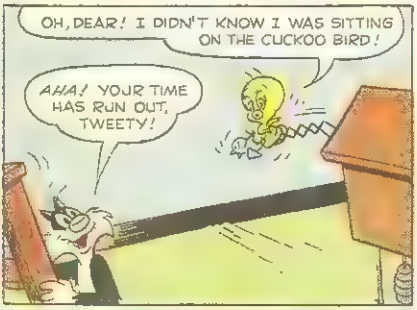

DOODNESS! I'VE BEEN CHOPPED!
COME TO DADDY!

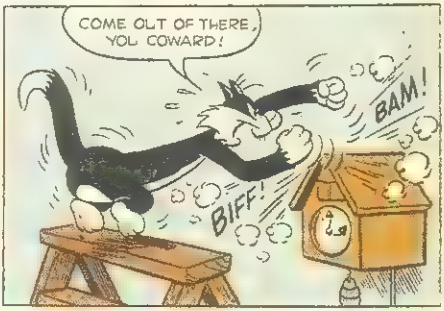

KLONK!
AWK!

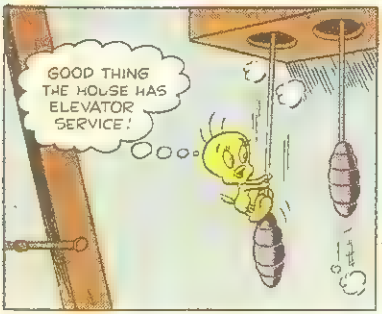

SAVED BY A S.LL! BUT NOW I MUST FIND ANOTHER HOUSE... AND FAST!

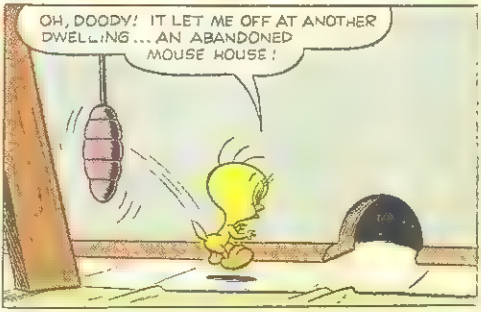

GRR! WHERE D HE GO?
HEH! HE CAN'T EVEN SEE ME IN THIS HOUSE!

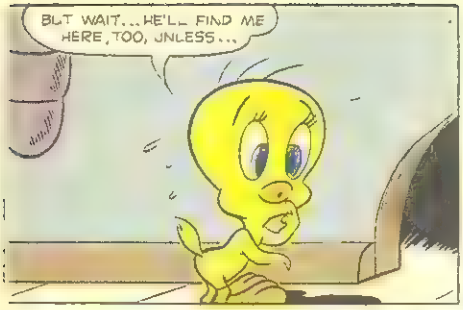

CUCKOO!
CUCKOO!
HUH?

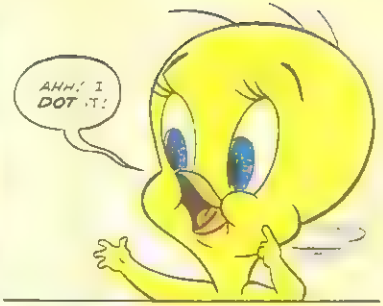

OH, DEAR! I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS SITTING ON THE CUCKOO BIRD!
AHA! YOUR TIME HAS RUN OUT, TWEETY!

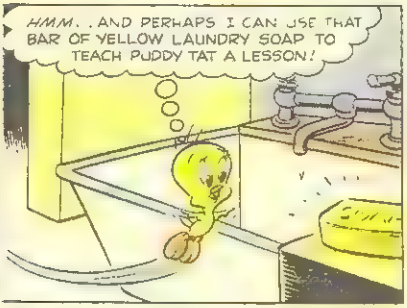

COME OUT OF THERE, YOU COWARD!
BAM!
BIFF!

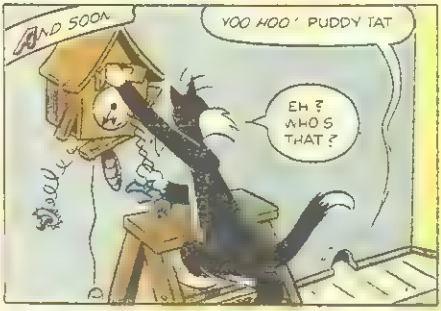

GOOD THING THE HOUSE HAS ELEVATOR SERVICE!

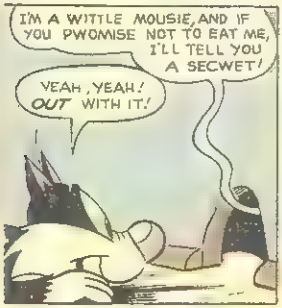

OH, DOODY! IT LET ME OFF AT ANOTHER DWELLING... AN ABANDONED MOUSE HOUSE!


BUT WAIT...HE'LL FIND ME HERE, TOO, UNLESS...

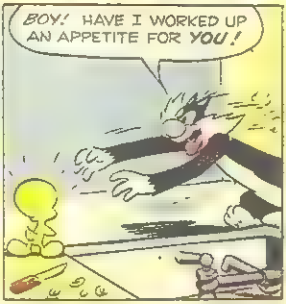

AHH! I DOT IT!


HMM. . AND PERHAPS I CAN USE THAT BAR OF YELLOW LAUNDRY SOAP TO TEACH PUDDY TAT A LESSON!

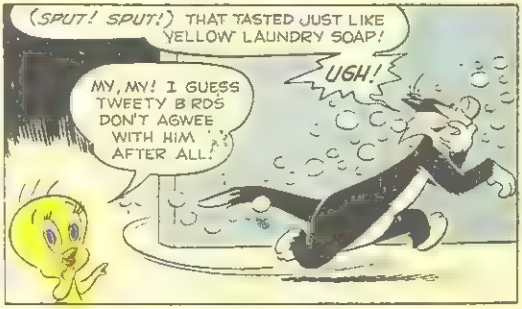

AND SOON
YOO HOO! PUDDY TAT
EH? WHO'S THAT?


I'M A WITTLE MOUSIE, AND IF YOU PWOMISE NOT TO EAT ME, I'LL TELL YOU A SECWET!
YEAH, YEAH! OUT WITH IT!

WELL, YOU CAN FIND THE TWEETY BIRD ON THE LAUNDWY TUB!
SAY NO MORE.


BOY! HAVE I WORKED UP AN APPETITE FOR YOU!

OOG! (GLUB!)


(SPUT! SPUT!) THAT TASTED JUST LIKE YELLOW LAUNDRY SOAP!
UGH!
MY, MY! I GUESS TWEETY BIRDS DON'T AGWEE WITH HIM AFTER ALL!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC
present

Bugs Bunny in FIREWOOD

WELL, HERE WE ARE

I'M SURE LOOKING FORWARD TO A NICE ROARING FIRE!

I'LL UNLOAD THE EQUIPMENT!

I'LL GET THE FIREWOOD OUT OF THE BACK!

KNOW WHAT, ELMER? WE FORGOT TO BRING THE FIREWOOD!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "WE"? I TOLD YOU THERE WASN'T ANY AT THE CABIN! IT WAS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO BRING THE FIREWOOD!

HMM!

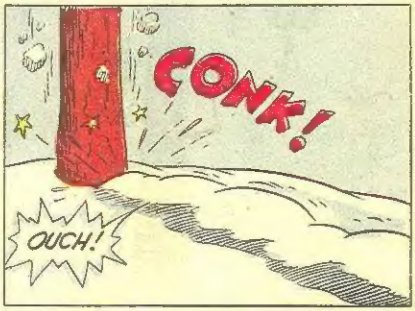
WE'VE GOT A COUPLE OF AXES, HAVEN'T WE? WE'LL JUST GO AND HACK DOWN A TREE OR TWO!

NO, NO! YOU CAN'T!

WHY NOT?
IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO CUT LIVE TWEES! YOU CAN ONLY CUT DEAD ONES OR PICK UP FALLEN BWANCHES!

OKAY, THEN, I'LL GO LOOK FOR SOME FALLEN BRANCHES!
IN TWO FEET OF SNOW?

YOU FORGET US BUNNIES ARE THE WORLD'S GREATEST BURROWS! I'LL HAVE AN ARMLOAD OF FUEL BEFORE YOU CAN SAY...

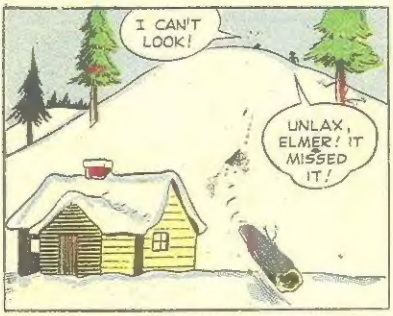

CONK!
OUCH!

GUESS MY SENSE OF DIRECTION'S A MITE RUSTY!
THIS IS WIDICULOUS!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST DWIVE BACK TO TOWN AND GET SOME WOOD?
IT'S TOO FAR AND TOO COLD!

THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME WOOD AROUND HERE!
HEY!

THAT'S AN OLD DEAD TREE ATOP YON HILL! LET'S CUT IT DOWN!
OH, ALL WIGHT!



A Clean Sweep of Fun!

LOONEY TUNES

Get the December issue at your
Favorite DELL Comics Dealer Today. Only 10¢

ALL WIGHT, MISTER WISE WABBIT! NOW WILL YOU GO TO TOWN FOR SOME FIREWOOD?
MAYBE THERE'S ANOTHER DEAD TREE AROUND HERE!
NEVER MIND! IT'S GETTING LATE AND I DON'T FEEL LIKE DOING ANY MORE CHOPPING!
ALL RIGHT! DON'T BLOW A GASKET! I'LL GO!
LET'S SEE... I BETTER BACK UP AND SWING THIS THING AROUND!
CRRRIND!
CRUNCH!
OH, OH! THAT DIDN'T SOUND RIGHT!
WHAT WAS THAT? WHAT WAS THAT?
WELL, WELL!
OH, NO!
YOU'VE WEDUCED MY NEW SKIS AND MY NEW TOBOGGAN TO KINDLING! THEY'RE WUINED!
AW, DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, FUDDSY!
JUST THINK HOW BAD YOU'D HAVE FELT IF I HAD CAUGHT MY DEATH OF COLD ON THAT ICY TRIP TO TOWN!

"GUESS WHO, DOC!"

A PLEDGE DELL COMIC TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome juvenile entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" *is our credo and constant goal.*